

# Catholic Digest

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25¢



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Volume 15

JANUARY, 1951

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish articles which are in accord with Catholic principle. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.

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 Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald,  
 Eileen O'Hara, Henry Lexau, Jacqueline Hynderick; Art: Kern Pederson.  
 New York office: 270 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Associate Editor: Jeanne Dixon;  
 Book Editor: Francis B. Thornton.

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# Catholic Digest

VOL. 15

JANUARY, 1951

NO. 3

## *The Little Colonel*

By IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

**I**F it's top secret, entrust it to a WAC. Thus does Col. Mary A. Hallaren, head of all the WAC's, uphold the integrity of women in the army.

In fact, Colonel Hallaren will tell you, even for the highly specialized and secret work of cryptographer, WAC's are preferred. Take Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Huebner, who until recently was Deputy Commander in Chief and Chief of Staff in Germany. He, Colonel Hallaren points out, always called for WAC's when he had secret code work to do. He did it because he knew from experience that women could be trusted to keep their mouths—pardon me, keep confidential what was confidential.

I was visiting tiny Colonel Hallaren in her office in the Pentagon Building in

Washington. I had gone there to ask her about some of the things you and I are hearing about women in the army: their unfitness for army life, physically and by temperament; their abandonment of the home; the coarsening effect of army life. What business do women have in the army, anyway? Can their presence there be justified in the light of Christian teaching? After all, the Popes have had quite a bit to say about the dignity of women, about their position as queen of the home.

But a word first about the woman to whom I come for all those profound answers. I find myself in the presence of a trim, uniformed lady who has to stretch to make the army's five-foot height requirement. I take in at a glance her Irish blue eyes, flashing white



teeth, and mass of light-brown hair which is just beginning to show gray in her 43rd year. (Yes, she told me her age—and there is another myth exploded.) She is the third woman to head the WAC, the first to hold the post of director of the Women's Army Corps, Regular Army. She is the first Catholic to find herself directing the activities of all the thousands of young women who have chosen the army as a career.

"Why do girls enlist in the WAC?" is one of the first questions I put to the Little Colonel.

"For the same reason that they choose any of dozens of other careers," she replies. "Some are attracted by the glamour of it, I suppose. Others figure that it will furnish them an outlet for their talents that they could find nowhere else. Others, perhaps, take up the life because it is the next best thing to getting married; others, as an opportunity to get married. Still others decide that they will like the life better than the one they find themselves in."

"And yourself?"

"Me? Well, I was one of six Hallarens who were born in Lowell, Mass., and taught by the Sisters in Sacred Heart school there. I finished high school and the State Teachers' college there, and then I went on to Boston university, to prepare for a teaching career.

"I was well into that career, too, when I went into the army. At first,

I had done remedial work in reading with children. Then I taught junior high in Lexington."

"How did you happen to enlist?"

"It just seemed the right thing to do. Mother might have had something to do with it. One morning—I was home from Lexington on my regular week-end visit—we noticed an announcement in the Lowell paper that the army was taking women. We talked it over; I chased upstairs and made some calls; and then I went back to Lexington to enlist.

"Two of my brothers were already in the service, and it just seemed like the right thing to do."

That was eight years ago, a few days after her birthday, which is May 4. The Mary Hallaren who left her teacher's post to go to war thought then, like many others, that it would be "just for the duration." She was graduated with the first class from the WAAC Officer Candidate school in Des Moines on July 1, 1942. Her first job was administrative officer at Daytona Beach, Fla. She left for overseas in July, 1943, as commanding officer for the first WAAC Separate Battalion. When those WAAC's arrived in England they were assigned to duty with the 8th Air Force. By the time the war ended, there were almost 150,000 WAAC's, 17,000 of them serving overseas in 22 countries.

Colonel Hallaren herself spent three years overseas. When she re-



turned in June, 1946, she was appointed deputy director of the new WAC. The women's military organization was no longer an auxiliary, but an integral part of the regular army. The colonel liked her job. She renounced teaching, to make the army her career.

"That's just what it's becoming for thousands of young women," she says earnestly, "a new career, a lifetime job if they want it, just like teaching, or journalism, or selling. It's a career rich in personal satisfaction, in sense of accomplishment. And the opportunities are unlimited." She was growing enthusiastic.

"But won't army life defeminize women, make them less eager to be wives and mothers?"

"Congress thought about that too, when they were debating the bill to integrate women in the regular army, instead of keeping them in reserve units. But they decided that the type of women the armed forces wished to enlist and commission, intelligent, educated, and capable, would not be willing to serve unless they were guaranteed permanence and security.

"Not every girl gets married, even in civilian life," she reminds me. Indeed, now, hadn't Pope Pius XII himself spoken of the women who, perforce, because of circumstances must remain unmarried? Hadn't he said that this state also is a vocation, wherein a woman can find a call to a variety of good works?

"As for army life making women less feminine," the Little Colonel is saying, "well, you ought to see the girls rush to get into their prettiest gowns the moment they are off duty."

The Little Colonel has all the feminine graces, too. She is a good listener. She compliments you, not only by hearing you out, but by interjecting a nod and a word every now and then. "Good deal" is a favorite phrase with her.

But the memory of the Pope's insistence that the sphere of woman is motherhood, to be attained in either a physical or spiritual way, keeps nagging me. Most women, he has said repeatedly, would find marriage their state in life.

"And if a girl really *wants* to get married," I hear Colonel Hallaren saying, "I think her chances are as good or better in the services than outside them. And as for marriage and a family—a girl may marry in the service, and, if no children come, she may remain in it until her enlistment term is up. But should she become pregnant while she's in the army she goes out automatically. That rule is a fixed one, now as it was in the beginning: no woman with dependents under 18 may serve."

I think Colonel Hallaren must by now be getting a little annoyed at my attitude. But she exercises the patience that makes her a good commanding officer; and at this point she fills in some of the gaps

in my knowledge of women at war.

"You know, the U.S. Army got its first experience with women workers when it established the Army Nurse corps in 1901. Nursing had long been a field in which women excelled. But you wouldn't believe how long and bitter the struggle was, here and in England, before public opinion would yield to the point where reputable women would serve with the armies in any other capacity."

The first break-through in public opinion came in 1917 when Gen. John J. Pershing asked for 100 American women telephone operators who could speak French. His request was approved, and the women came, all dressed up in natty uniforms. They served as civilian contract employees, with privileges similar to those enjoyed by army nurses. Then came the WAAC. And now, with the WAC, women are *in* the army.

And if any qualified young woman today wishes to stay in the army for life, and grow up to be an old sergeant with hash marks on her sleeve, and retire to a rocking chair in the Old Soldiers' home instead of one for Old Ladies—well, nobody's going to stop her except, perhaps, another good-looking sergeant who sings bass and badgers her for dates. WAC's and WAF's (the designation for women in the Air Force) are entitled to the same rights, benefits, and privileges as male soldiers, except for certain de-

### **WAC Shave**

WAC's received a big tribute from a wounded soldier in the Tokyo Army hospital. His buddy volunteered to shave him.

"Heck, no!" the bearded GI exclaimed, vehemently. "A WAC is coming to shave me."

pendency benefits, because, as you know, women can't have dependents and be soldiers.

Headquarters of the WAC Training center is at Fort Lee, Va., near Richmond. The young women undergo basic training there for 10 weeks. Then they are sent to specialized schools for training according to their aptitudes, such as medical technician, communications, administration, finance, food service, radio, photography. Search for officer material begins the day the girls arrive. Those with talent for leadership are given leadership courses.

WAC enlistment quotas were abolished last June, with the outbreak of fighting in Korea. None were sent to Korea, but many were sent to Japan to replace men badly needed to repel the communist onslaught in Korea. Most of the girls going in today are about 19 years old.

In spite of all Colonel Hallaren had told me, one doubt still lingers in my mind: how could a woman soldier retain her womanly dignity?

Pope Pius XII had asserted that "in their personal dignity as children of God a man and a woman are absolutely equal," but had he not also immediately insisted on the fact that their equal dignity cannot be preserved unless the characteristic spiritual and physical qualities of each sex be recognized and respected? Had he not denounced the radical feminists' doctrine of absolute equality, pointing out that the two sexes, by the very qualities that distinguish them, are mutually complementary?

But Colonel Hallaren reminds me that women are not conscripted in the U.S., as in totalitarian countries, nor are they asked, nor forced, once they are in, to undertake tasks not compatible with their strength and nature. "They don't dig trenches and they don't man machine guns," she added. Then she quoted General Eisenhower to me.

The general, in his *Crusade in Europe*, confesses that at first he was opposed to use of women in uniform, but that he was converted upon seeing their magnificent performance in various positions in Great Britain.

"In Africa, the older commanders were filled with misgivings and open skepticism," the general wrote. "What these men had failed to note were the changing requirements of war. An army of filing clerks, stenographers, office managers, telephone operators, and chauffeurs had become essential, and it was scarce-

ly less than criminal to recruit them from needed manpower when great numbers of highly qualified women were available. As their record of helpfulness grew, so did the scope of their duties . . . they became hospital assistants, dietitians, personal assistants, and even junior staff officers in many headquarters."

When Colonel Hallaren and her batch of WAC's arrived in England, the women filled jobs in only four classifications. At the end of the war, they were doing 237 different kinds of jobs: from office and clerical and technical work to training dogs, rigging parachutes, reporting, and weather forecasting. They were beauty operators, radio and radar operators, bandswomen, buglers, interpreters, cartographers, and, oh yes, cryptographers.

Reluctantly, I ask the colonel about the bad publicity the WAC had received at the beginning—what about the stories you and I heard about delinquency and about the WAC's having to be shipped home by the boatload to give birth to illegitimate babies?

"Those stories were made up out of whole cloth," she replies, fiercely. "They came, as a result, I'm certain, of a small percentage of women who chose to return home when the law was passed changing the auxiliary status of the corps and making it a component part of the army. A few came home all at once, and that gave rise to ugly rumors that had no foundation in fact."

Indeed, it would seem that women in the army, in general, exert the same influence that they would were they at home. Those women, who "perforce," for the time being, at least, have remained unmarried, are recognizing "in the vicissitudes of life the call of the Master." They are taking hope and encouragement from the message of Pius XII addressed to them, and no longer think their situation in life drab or frustrated. In the work they do in the army, they are finding happiness and the means of sanctity. Indeed, far from being demoralized by army life, they are helping to raise the general level of morals in their environment.

Said Col. Patrick J. Ryan, when chief chaplain with the 5th army in Italy, "WAC's have been with the 5th army since the North African campaign. This WAC unit has rendered definite service to the 5th army. In addition to their work, they have, through their regular visits to our hospitals, been influential in the emotional and spiritual rehabilitation of our sick and wounded. Their own faith is reflected in regularity of church attendance and their sponsorship of special religious programs. They are worthy of the group they represent: the women of America."

The WAC's of today are carrying on in the same tradition. "Let me show you a letter I'm very proud to have," Colonel Hallaren says, handing me a letter from Lt. Col. Marie S. Galloway, the principal chief nurse in the Tokyo Army hospital.

"The corps over here is doing wonderful work in the Tokyo Army hospital," the letter states. "I have never experienced in my 21 years of army nursing such unselfishness and kindness as the enlisted personnel is showing to our wounded men. The WAC officers are behind them 100%, and have helped in every possible way, both with gifts and service to us after duty hours."

I leave Colonel Hallaren then. She has shown me that the WAC's are women like those referred to by the present Pope when he praised the charity of nurses on the battlefield. They are women who are opposing with all the force of their feminine natures that communism which would destroy the Christian dignity of womankind. They are women who, without families of their own, are doing their mightiest to achieve that restoration of the family for which Pius XII pleads whenever he speaks of women in modern society.

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At the per ounce rate a woman's bathing suit sells at, a man's overcoat would cost \$795.63.

*Grit.*

When a fighter dies in front of a television camera  
people begin to think

# Let's Face Facts About Boxing

By TIMOTHY A. MURNANE, JR.

Condensed from *America*\*

WHEN they pushed him out for the 10th round, he was blind, helpless, could not hold up his hands. He just stumbled about in a weird *danse macabre*. One could sense death hovering near."

So wrote a television witness to the pummeling which resulted in the death of middle-weight Laverne Roach early this year. The bout was televised from New York's St. Nicholas arena.

The writer of the letter was a young woman in Chicago. She also said, "Three of the four persons who watched the fight on our TV set became ill from the close-up of poor Roach's face."

The Chicago girl's letter was quoted by sportswriter David J. Walsh of International News Service. Walsh himself wrote, "It was the prize ring's first death over television. This time death came into the great American living room and squatted down among the folks. They gaped, spellbound, and in the

end some wished they hadn't. In the end, too, I suspect that the prize ring will wish they hadn't either.

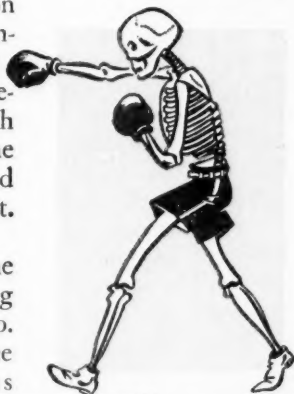
"For Laverne Roach didn't die as many fighters before him have succumbed, alone and obscurely. He

died in the hearts of a great many Americans who are unlikely to let boxing forget."

The death of Roach, coming as it did only a short time after boxing had been under fire by moralists and medical men, focused attention on what seemed to be new evidence. Most disturbing to Catholic boxing fans

was the attack on its morality.

Father Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., professor of moral theology at Catholic University, declared in the January issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*: "It is difficult to reconcile prize fighting, as we have it today, with Catholic principles of morality. For undoubtedly the purpose of the fighters is to deal each other severe blows, and if possible, to score a 'knockout.' This opinion



\*70 E. 45th St., New York City, 17. Nov. 18, 1950.

may seem somewhat severe in view of the widespread conviction of the American people that prize fighting is a 'good, clean sport.' Yet, it is difficult to see how any other interpretation of the 5th Commandment can be given."

Father Connell distinguishes between prize fighting, the professional sport, and boxing, the amateur sport. Of the latter, he says, "Boxing, in the sense of giving and parrying light blows without any intention of striking the opponent severely or inflicting injury, is lawful for the purpose of exercise and recreation, and in order to test one's skill in self-defense." But even this can become unlawful, he says, if due precautions are not observed or if the contest tends to the knockout of one of the fighters.

Father Connell's opinion differed sharply from that previously expressed by other moralists. Typical of the opposing viewpoint was that of Father Edwin F. Healy, S.J., in his *Moral Guidance*. "The practice of professional boxers of trying by means of a 'knockout' to render their opponent helpless is justifiable. These boxers do not do the opponent serious injury. Ordinarily, the one who is thus knocked out is simply put into a state where he is unable, for a few minutes, to continue the bout. He is still conscious, though temporarily incapacitated. If at times the man is rendered unconscious, that is merely accidental." In fairness to Father Healy, it

should be stated that his opinion was written before widespread publicity was given to recent medical studies on the effects of boxing. Father Healy does censure "slugging fests," the merciless pounding of one another.

Those close to the fight game would probably disagree with the contention that the rendering of the opponent unconscious is an accident. Most fighters want to win by knockouts, if possible, for knockouts pay off.

Father Connell, on the other hand, seems to say that the fighter cannot aim for a knockout. He says the line between knocking one's opponent out temporarily and knocking him out for good is a questionable one. It is one over which the boxer does not have complete control.

Many considerations enter into the knockout: condition of the fighters, physically, mentally and emotionally; timing of the blow and weight behind it; was it taken squarely or partially blocked? The only factors over which the fighter has much control are how much force he puts into the blow, and where he lands it. Even here, the control is somewhat theoretical. Both fighters are constantly on the move, bobbing and weaving.

Again, the punching of the trained fighter is almost automatic. The eye sees the opening and the blow has already started. The quicker the reaction, the better the



fighter. The fighter can't afford to think about the blows he throws. They must be instinctive.

When the fighter sees his opponent in a bad way he doesn't let up. On the contrary, he renews his efforts, punching all the harder to score the knockout. The injured fighter has to choose between coming back for more punishment, or enduring the scorn of the crowd. Most fighters keep coming back. In this weakened condition, the chances of being knocked out are greatly increased. A noteworthy example was the La Motta-Cerdan championship fight in June, 1949. Cerdan fought from the first round on with a torn shoulder muscle. When the bout was stopped several rounds later, his arm was almost useless.

The fans themselves have had a great deal to do with making prize-fighting the brutal contest it is today. I recall one bout in Corpus Christi, Texas, when the fight was stopped because of a severe cut over the eye of one of the fighters. When the announcement was made, there were scattered boo's, and shouts of "Aw, let 'em fight."

Sportswriters and publicity men have contributed their share, also. They play up the fighters with the knockout strings, sometimes receiving a little on the side for their ballyhoo tactics. The crowds come to the fights anxious to see knockouts. If their desires are not satisfied, they taunt the fighters.

Of course, no one believes that the fans actually wish to see death in the ring, but the excitement causes many to lose control of themselves. It is not unusual to see normally staid women screaming hysterically for their favorites. As one old Irish trainer used to say, "If you want to find out if your girl is a lady, take her to a prize fight."

Most moralists talk only about boxers. But a bout has an effect on the spectators. If the spectators actually take pleasure in the suffering of fighters, which they often seem to do, then they, too, would seem to be guilty of immorality.

More apparent, of course, is the brutality of boxers to each other. The head is the main target. Most knockout blows are aimed at the head. Even when the fighter directs his attack at other parts of the body, it is generally a distracting tactic, to get an opening at the head. If a nose is smashed, that is a signal for even more vicious attack on it.

Recent medical studies add further evidence of the great physical damage suffered by prize fighters. Writing in the Jan. 3 issue of *Look*, Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus, professor of physiology at George Williams college, Chicago, said that scientists have only begun to realize "the appalling ruin that boxing causes to the brain."

He said that most of the damage is caused by blows to the head and face which bounce the brain against a sharp bony ridge, the sphenoidal

ridge, in the front of the skull. Citing the 147 brain cases examined by Dr. Ward C. Halsted of the University of Chicago in which there was no visible external injury, Dr. Steinhaus said that when the head is jarred by a blow this bony ridge bites into the frontal lobes and destroys the brain tissue. Each bounce makes the damage worse. The frontal lobes are the most important part of the civilized man's brain. They are the biological seat of intelligence, coordination, restraints, and self-control, Dr. Steinhaus said. Head blows thus injure that part of the brain most necessary to civilized living.

Records show that in the last four years more than 50 boxers have died as a result of head blows in the ring. Eighteen were killed in the last year.

In addition to those who died of ring injuries are thousands of punch-drunk fighters. Those are "the living dead of pugilism." After their years in the ring, many wind up in asylums, on relief, or as burdens to their families. Others end up as derelicts in skid row, dreaming of the glory that once was.

"The more a man boxes," says Dr. Steinhaus, "the worse his condition becomes. Sixty out of every 100 boxers suffer sufficient brain injury to slow them up noticeably."

It is rare to find in the professional ring a man with the wisdom of Gene Tunney, former heavyweight titleholder. Tunney retired

undefeated shortly after he won the title. An accident in a training bout, which left his mind blank for 24 hours, decided him.

Ironically, television has probably had much to do with current concern with the boxing problem. Thought at first to be a boon to prize fighting, it has backfired. Thousands saw Roach killed.

As a result, pressure has been brought in some areas to abolish boxing altogether. Two New York state assemblymen demanded, after the Roach fight, that boxing be outlawed or severely regulated. Even the amateur sport was hit. John Carroll university, Cleveland, abandoned intercollegiate boxing as a result of bad publicity. Two northern-Ohio amateur tournaments were canceled at about the same time. The Cleveland Catholic paper, the *Universe-Bulletin*, published a series of articles against boxing. Sports-writer Jim Kelly, of the *Register* system, wrote, "America should have no room for a sport in which, barring true accidents or criminal neglect, the outcome can be death."

But there are others, equally sincere, who believe that amateur boxing, at least, can be saved, if proper safeguards are enforced. Just this summer a report was made by the University of Wisconsin Athletic board, after a two-year study of boxing at the university. Intercollegiate boxing at the institution was given a clean bill of health. The study is continuing. An important

step was taken in 1949 when the National Collegiate Athletic association ruled that all boxers in college bouts must wear headgear and must take a nine count after being knocked down.

Still more changes must be made, I think, before boxing can be said to be reasonably safe. The most obvious is elimination of the knockout and technical knockout as goals. No credit should be given for them and bouts should be so closely supervised that they can be stopped as soon as there is danger of a knockout, for even amateurs generate terrific power. In tests made at the University of Wisconsin by Prof. Robert Francis, a 145-pound amateur put 600 pounds of pressure on the surface he hit.

Even more basic than the elimination of the knockout, however, is the need for a changed attitude toward boxing. Amateurs should be taught that it is a test of skill, not brute strength. Points should be given primarily for boxing skill, ring generalship, maneuvering, defense, adaptability, not on the force of the blows. Sixteen-ounce gloves should be used in all fights. Greater emphasis should be placed on conditioning. Crowd spectacles should

by all means be entirely avoided.

Boxing may have to become a gym sport like fencing, for the presence of a crowd makes true boxing almost impossible. The crowd pressure is as heavy at amateur fights as at professional bouts. Amateurs, usually teen-agers, are prone to submit to the demands of the crowd for brutal rather than skillful boxing. The sad truth is that very few of our modern fight fans appreciate the "skillful" boxing match.

For those who wish to save boxing as a sport, the key would seem to be in Father Connell's definitions: "Giving and parrying light blows without any intention of striking the opponent severely or inflicting injury, for the purpose of exercise and recreation, and to test one's skill in self-defense."

Still, there are cries that the sport is being ruined. But the recurring cry of "sissy-stuff" sounds very thin in view of the larger considerations.

As sportswriter Dan Ryan noted in the Cleveland *Universe-Bulletin*, "This is not 'sissy-stuff.' It's common sense. We simply need a new sanity code in boxing. Both God's laws and man's reason point to the urgent necessity of a reform of present boxing regulations."

### *Objectivity*

A PARROT is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat what it hears without trying to make a good story.

*Milwaukee Journal*

*A famous novelist-convert discusses his understanding of the doctrine and "the savage war around the only figure of perfect human love"*

## The Assumption of Mary

By GRAHAM GREENE

Condensed from *Life*\*



*The famous Mr. Graham Greene has most recently been noted for his movie scenarios for The Third Man and The Fallen Idol. But the most pertinent—and perhaps the most enduring—of his novels is the trilogy (Brighton Rock, The Power and the Glory, and The Heart of the Matter) which, in a realistic projection of the worldly forces of good and evil, are woven around the central theme of personal salvation (and damnation).*

**T**HERE is one saint in the calendar of the Church who has never been associated with the idea of punishment: even justice is alien to her, compared with the ideas of mercy and love. She is the one whom Catholics know as Our Lady.

Yet it is around this figure that the bitterest conflict has always been waged. No statues in Puritan England were more certain to be destroyed than hers, and the same was true in Spain in the 1930's. Ministers in their pulpits may question the divinity of Christ and cause no stir outside a few country rectories—but when the doctrine of the As-

sumption, which has been established as a feast of the Church for more than 1,000 years, is defined as a dogma, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York claim that the division of Christendom has been widened. They believe in the resurrection of the dead—but to suggest that an actual resurrection has already taken place seems to them blasphemous. No storm was raised when, a hundred years ago, Newman wrote: "Original sin had not been found in her, by the wear of her senses, and the waste of her frame and the decrepitude of years, propagating death. She died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect; and, when it was over, it ceased to be." Temporally there were other issues: the Protestant churches were worried by the idea of evolution, even the age of the earth was a cause of scandal because it was believed to contradict Genesis. But the conflict of science and religion always passes sooner or

later: what remains is this mysterious savage war around the only figure of perfect human love.

What is the explanation? One theologian has explained it, for our generation, as a distrust of the concrete. We are so used to abstractions. Words like *democracy* and *liberty* can be used in quite opposite senses without arousing attention: they go in and out of our ears like air. So with religious belief. The Supreme Being, the Trinity, the Creator of all things, such phrases may once have excited thought, but they do so no longer. Even the concrete name Christ has become so diluted, into the Great Teacher, the First Communist, and the like, that only a small amount of opposition is raised by the idea that Christ is God—it is rather like saying Truth is God. But the statement that Mary is the Mother of God remains something shocking, paradoxical, physical.

But it is from that statement that all Christianity springs. To quote Newman again, "When once we have mastered the idea, that Mary bore, suckled, and handled the Eternal in the form of a child, what limit is conceivable to the rush and flood of thoughts which such a doctrine involves?" The flood of thoughts may sometimes have taken bizarre channels, but the Church is slow and careful: tales are allowed plenty of time to wither of themselves, and there is surely small sign of impetuosity in the

proclamation in 1854 of the Immaculate Conception, which was already part of the accepted teaching of the Church, in the East and the West and in Africa, within a few years of the death of St. John. As for the Assumption, which even unguided human logic might detect as an essential effect of the Immaculate Conception, the Church has waited longer still.

Our opponents sometimes claim that no belief should be held dogmatically which is not explicitly stated in Scripture (ignoring that it is only on the authority of the Church we recognize certain Gospels and not others as true). But the Protestant churches have themselves accepted such dogmas as the Trinity, for which there is no such precise authority in the Gospels. St. John wrote, "There is much else besides that Jesus did; if all of it were put in writing I do not think the world itself would contain the books which would have to be written"; and it is our claim that tradition alone—founded on the Apostles' teaching, analyzed and reflected on through the ages by the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit promised by Christ—illuminates the full and true meaning of the Scriptures.

From the Scriptures themselves we know very little of our Lady beyond the first appalling facts of the Annunciation and the Virgin Birth. St. Luke's Gospel is sometimes known as our Lady's, for St.

Luke gives details of the Visitation and the Birth that could only have come from Mary's account of them. St. Matthew's Gospel complements his account with the Flight into Egypt. St. John, with whom, so tradition declares, she spent the remainder of her life after the Crucifixion, tells us how Christ performed for her his first miracle at the wedding feast of Cana, how she stood at the foot of the cross, and how Christ entrusted her to the disciple whom He loved. From the Acts we learn that she was present with the Apostles in the upper room at Pentecost, and afterwards there is complete silence—a few legends, that is all. "Her departure made no noise in the world," Newman wrote. "The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the rumor spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but they found them not; did she die at Ephesus? or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied; but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found it was open."

**LEGEND** tells how the Apostles were suddenly gathered together round her deathbed, how they buried her and on the third day found her tomb empty, but the dogma of the

Assumption does not demand that we should believe these details of her end. We are only asked to believe what the Church in historical memory has always believed, that, just as in her case the taint of original sin was never allowed to touch her ("our tainted nature's solitary boast," Wordsworth wrote), so the corruption of the body, which we believe is the effect of original sin, never occurred: she is soul and glorified body (whatever that may be) in heaven (wherever that can be found).

Scripture, tradition, legend—all these contribute either to our knowledge of Mary, or to our knowledge of how men regarded her. In her case, unlike that of any other saint, there is another source; she alone has consistently, throughout history up to the present day, appeared to men. There has been an undying flow of visions: she is a woman of a hundred geographical titles—Lourdes, La Salette, Carmel, Fatima, Guadalupe.

The Church has never demanded that we should believe in any of these visions as an article of faith. Some of the visions, just as some of the legends, the Church has even condemned. Those regarded as worthy of credence are not confined to one continent or one race. Some go back beyond the period of proper investigation, like that of Our Lady of Walsingham in England, whose shrine was visited barefoot one snowbound winter by



Henry VIII and was afterwards destroyed by the same king's henchmen. The legend tells us that our Lady appeared to a noble widow and commanded her to build a shrine after the style of her own house in Nazareth. The work went awry. During one night, therefore, our Lady built the house herself with the help of angels. Of course we need give no credence to the legend as it has come down to us, but the persistence and purity of the devotion round this shrine—a devotion that touched even the skeptical Erasmus—which continues today in the pilgrimages to the restored shrine, suggests at least the possibility of some genuine vision behind the myth. Can one write so beautifully about a lie as the anonymous 16th-century author of the *Lament Over Walsingham*?

Bitter bitter Oh to behold  
 the grass to grow  
 Where the walls of Walsingham  
 so stately did show;  
 Such were the works of Walsingham  
 while she did stand:  
 Such are the wrecks as now do show  
 of that holy land.  
 Level level with the ground  
 the towers do lie  
 Which with their golden glittering  
 tops  
 pierced once to the sky. . . .  
 Weep weep O Walsingham  
 whose days are nights,  
 Blessings turned to blasphemies,  
 holy deeds to despites.  
 Sin is where Our Lady sat  
 Heaven turned to Hell,  
 Satan sits where Our Lord did sway,  
 Walsingham O farewell.

If the origin of Walsingham goes back into those deep medieval shadows that contrast with the clarity and lucidity of the primitive age, the vision of the Virgin of Guadalupe is established almost as exactly as the 19th-century visions of Lourdes and La Salette, or the 20th-century vision of Fatima. It was on Dec. 9, 1531, that our Lady appeared to an Indian peasant called Juan Diego as he was climbing Tepayac hill at the foot of which the shrine now stands, close to Mexico City. She told the Indian to carry a message to Bishop Zumarraga, that he was to build a shrine on the spot where she might watch and guard the Indians. Only two years before, Mexico had fallen finally to Cortez, the country was not yet subdued, and the average Spanish adventurer would have given small welcome to an Indian peasant who said he had been addressed as "my child" by the Mother of God. Zumarraga himself refused to credit the story, and when the Virgin appeared again to the Indian at the same place, he asked her to send a Spaniard with her message whom the bishop would trust. But the Virgin sent him back, and this time the bishop asked for a sign. For the third time Diego listened to the Virgin, who told him to return next day and she would give him the sign for which the bishop asked. But next day Diego's uncle was very ill and he forgot—or more likely the immediate fact of the

dying man seemed more important, more true, than a vision he may himself have discounted when the bishop talked full of the wisdom and the slowness and the sane skepticism of the Church authority. On Tuesday, Dec. 12, Diego had to return to Tlaltelolco to fetch a priest for his dying uncle, but he was afraid of that particular stony path he associated with his vision, and took a different way. But he could not escape so easily. The Virgin blocked his new path too. She told him his uncle was already well and directed him to go to the top of the hill and gather roses from the rocks. He did as bidden, presenting the roses to our Lady, who, having touched them, returned them to him to take to the bishop. Diego wrapped them in his serape, and when he opened it before Zumarraga the image of the Virgin was stamped on the cloth, just as it hangs above Guadalupe altar today.

I have described this vision in some detail because the legend, we are told by Mexican politicians, was invented by the Church to enslave the Indian mind. Their argument is a difficult one, for this Virgin, two years after the conquest, was claiming a church for the protection of her Indians from the Spanish conqueror. The legend gave the Indian self-respect: if it was a legend, it was a liberating and not an enslaving one. What would have been the future of the vision if it had been sent to the conqueror

and not to the conquered? A rich shrine would have been built, and eventually it would have been closed like other churches during the persecution of the 1920's. This shrine, because it was Indian, remained open, and helped to break the career of the only man who threatened it. When Garrido Canabal, the dictator of Tabasco, arrived in the capital with his private army of Red Shirts to take his seat as minister of agriculture in Cardenas' cabinet, he gave secret orders that the shrine was to be destroyed by dynamite. But the orders became known, and the Indians guarded the shrine night and day until eventually Garrido, who had so successfully eliminated every church in Tabasco, was driven into exile.

The Virgin of Guadalupe has the features of an Indian. We know nothing of a resurrected body save that it has substance (St. Thomas put his hand in Our Lord's wounds) and yet can pass through the wall of a room, that Christ after his resurrection was sometimes recognized immediately by the disciples and yet sometimes could walk beside them unknown. The Virgin appeared to Bernadette as a girl little older than herself, to the children of Fatima as a woman, to an Indian as an Indian.

In spite of the miracles of Lourdes, attested by a skeptic like Zola and a scientist like Alexis Carrel, we are apt to think of this as an unmiraculous age. The miracles

of Lourdes are cures—we can persuade ourselves that science will one day explain them (Carrel, who witnessed the instantaneous cure of a girl dying of tubercular peritonitis, tried unsuccessfully to persuade himself that his diagnosis had been at fault). But this is an age of visions as well as cures: if we are entering a new Dark Age we are being given the same consolations as our ancestors. Since the defeat of the Turks at Lepanto the battle for Christianity has never been more critical, and sometimes it seems as though the supernatural were gathering its forces for our support, and whom should we expect in the vanguard but our Lady? For the attack on the Son has always come through the Mother. She is the keystone of Christian doctrine. If you wish to discredit the divinity of Christ you discredit the Virgin Birth; if you wish to discredit the manhood of Christ you discredit the motherhood of our Lady.

One vision which is likely to be regarded as credible by the Church (let me emphasize again that no Catholic is bound to believe even in the vision of St. Bernadette, for a saint can be deceived) is that of the Tre Fontane, a cave on a hillside near Rome opposite a Trappist monastery that is said to be the scene of St. Paul's execution. Now a rough path made by pilgrims runs along the slope of the hill among the low eucalyptus trees to a small clearing and a cave sparkling

with votive offerings. Cripples sell candles along the way, and when I was last there dozens of children from a war orphanage, each child without a leg or an arm, were helping each other across the clearing to where women knelt and scooped into their handkerchiefs the earth they believed had been pressed by Mary's feet. On April 12, 1947, a Roman bus inspector, Bruno Cornacchiola, a communist and renegade Catholic, was walking in these woods with his three children: he was preparing a speech attacking the title of the Mother of God. His children called to him to help them find their ball. "I went over," he said. "What do I see? Gianfranco on his knees at the entrance to the grotto, his hands joined. He murmurs, 'Beautiful lady, beautiful lady.' I call Isola. 'Come here. What is your brother saying? What is there in there?' 'It's nothing,' says the child and at the same moment there she is on the ground in the same attitude, saying the same words as Gianfranco. I understand nothing. 'Carlo, tell me what is this and what are you playing at?' 'I don't know,' replies the child, and then he is on his knees too. 'Beautiful lady, beautiful lady,' he says. I am astounded, and it is as though two hands are passed over my eyes; a veil has fallen. A great light illuminates the grotto, and in the middle there appears . . ."

I quote no more because, as so often in such cases, the human de-

scription of the vision becomes unreal, stilted, academic. (We judge its authenticity partly by its effect on the family concerned.) If St. John of the Cross fails to convey his vision, how can a child or a bus inspector convey theirs? They are forced back on trite words, pious phrases, "I am She who lies in the bosom of the Divine Trinity," and the like. To me almost the only convincing words any of these visions have spoken were those reported by the child Bernadette. There had been many sermons and much talk on the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception and she had no idea of its meaning, until that girl of about her own age appeared to her in the Pyrennean cave and explained, "*I am the Immaculate Conception,*" as much as to say, "This doctrine of the Second Eve which theologians have been discussing for 1,600 years is as simple as that—it is me, whom you know, that's all." We can look for no enlargements of knowledge from these visions. But there is a common feature in all her appearances, the appeal for prayer and yet more prayer. Her message is as simple as that, and it may seem unimportant unless we have some realization of the terrible force of prayer, the mysterious untapped power able to move mountains.

What a strange distance, like a stellar space, cold and incomprehensible, separates the child Bernadette or the boy Francesco at

Fatima from indignant churchmen who deplore the dogma of the Assumption as "an added difficulty to reunion" of all Christian churches. It may be "a difficulty," but these children have *seen* the glorified body, and you will not persuade them to suppress their vision because it is tactless, because it may offend a few dignitaries of an alien faith. If the dogma had not been proclaimed now it would still one day have been proclaimed. The Church has waited nearly twelve hundred years since the feast of the Assumption was appointed by the Synod of Salzburg in 800, and the synod had waited more than 600 years since the first written reference to the common belief. We might have waited another thousand years, but the Church has decided otherwise.

It is legitimate, of course, to speculate why this precise moment in history has been chosen. I can write only as an uninstructed Catholic. Because the doctrines of Christ's nature as God and Man are walled about by the doctrine of the Annunciation and the Virgin Birth, so that it is not too much to say that the whole of Christianity to this day lies in our Lady's womb, it is to her that recourse has always been had in times of crisis. So it was through all the terrible storms of the 16th century when the Turks seemed on the point of conquering Europe: appropriately Pius V instituted the feast day of the Most

Holy Rosary in thanksgiving for the great victory of Lepanto. And now, when a yet heavier threat lies upon our borders, perhaps the proclamation of the new dogma will help the devotion of millions. Devotion means simply an expression of love, and if we love enough, even in human terms, we gain courage.

This would be no argument, of course, for proclaiming a novel belief, but a dogma is only a definition of an old belief. It restricts the area of truth at the expense of legend or heresy, and the greatest definitions of the Church, accepted alike by Protestants and Catholics—the nature of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity—were definitions drawn up to exclude heresies within the Church itself.

In our day there are no obvious signs of heretical beliefs within the Church concerning the Assumption of our Lady, and therefore it was believed by some Catholics that to proclaim the dogma was unnecessary. But Catholics today cannot

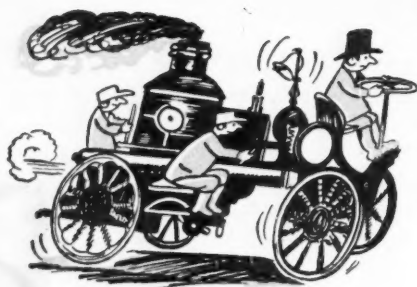
remain quite untouched by the general heresy of our time, the unimportance of the individual. Today the human body is regarded as expendable material, something to be eliminated wholesale by the atom bomb, a kind of anonymous carrion. After the 1st World War crosses marked the places where the dead lay, Allied and enemy: lights burned continually in the capitals of Europe over the graves of the unknown warriors. But no crosses today mark the common graves into which the dead of London and Berlin were shoveled, and Hiroshima's memorial is the outline of a body photographed by the heat flash on asphalt. The definition of the Assumption proclaims again the doctrine of our resurrection, the eternal destiny of each human body, and again it is the history of Mary which maintains the doctrine in its clarity. The resurrection of Christ can be regarded as the resurrection of a God, but the resurrection of Mary foreshadows the resurrection of each one of us.

### *Inheritance*

AN Anglican bishop was presiding over a conference of Anglican clergy, and was inveighing against Lourdes. He said, "I cannot believe that our Lady would have made the mistake of saying, 'I *am* the Immaculate Conception.'"

One of the clergy present immediately jumped to his feet, and said: "My Lord, I think it must run in the family. Her Son said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

R. E. Scantlebury.



*How Boston was saved from the fate  
of Chicago*

## *Fire Engine No. 1*

By HOMER MAXWELL as told to  
GEORGE WOODBURY

Condensed from a book\*

**I** CAN tell you the story of the *Vesuvius* and the Boston fire. I drove down on her from Manchester, N. H., that night. It was Nov. 9, 1872. I was only 14. Me and Bean, Joel Bemis, and Tim Driscoll. They're all dead now but me.† Nehemiah Bean was superintendent—the finest man in steam in all New England, he was.

The *Vesuvius* was all his idea and invention. He had made a fire engine, a steam pumper, that was a success, but he wanted to make one that was bigger and would go under its own power. A self-propeller, he called it. He designed the *Vesuvius* and we built it, right there on the floor of the shop. He even invented and built the differential drive gear, which had never been done before. Every automobile in the world uses them now but that was the first differential.

Well, it was a funny-looking thing. Like a horse-drawn pumper, but bigger, and sort of squat and

chunky. It weighed eight tons and carried four pumps. The wheels were wood, and six feet high, and it steered with a big horizontal wheel at the driver's seat. Like all fire engines, it was all over brass and bright steel and vermilion paint with gilt trimmings. On the back end was a picture of Mt. Vesuvius erupting, and under it in gold fancy letters, *Vesuvius No. 1*. It was nice looking. Everybody in the shop had a hand in making her. She was our baby, and we were proud of her. We couldn't wait for a chance to try her out.

One Saturday night, after everybody had quit work, I was sweeping the shop, and about ready to lock up and go home, when Mr. Bean came a-running into the shop, and Joel Bemis right behind him. They were both slow-moving men, and I had never seen them hustle so before.

"There's a big fire down to Boston," says he, all out of breath. "Just come over the depot wire. Worse'n Chicago, they say." The Chicago fire was still news. It had shocked

†Homer Maxwell is now long dead himself, but he told this story to George Woodbury some years before his death.

\*The Story of a Stanley Steamer, by George Woodbury. Copyright, 1950, by the author.  
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the country from Maine to California.

"Run and get Tim. You'll find him in Hogan's on Central St. We're trying out the *Vesuvius* tonight."

I found Tim all right, just where he said I would.

"Tim," I says, "Mr. Bean says hustle down to the shop. There is a big fire down country, and he's taking out the *Vesuvius*."

"Am I with ye?" says Tim, prying himself away from the bar. "I am!"

When we got back, they had the boiler under draft and roaring. The smokestack was shooting out big clouds of black smoke and cinders. It was a pretty sight. Joel was picking up tools to take along, and I was in a sweat for fear they would not take me.

"You hop on behind with Tim," Mr. Bean said before I could ask him. Guess he knew what I was thinking. "You help stoke. Joel and me are up front." There was a sort of shelf on the rear end, behind the fire door, where we could stand, and a railing around the bunker so we wouldn't fall off.

Joel lit the headlight, a big locomotive searchlight, and we all clambered on.

"Steaming?" hollered Mr. Bean, from the driver's seat.

"One fifty and rising two, sor!" Tim called back, and slammed the fire door shut with the back of his shovel.

"Hold fast!" I heard the throttle ratchets click. We shot out of the big shop and onto the street. He cut it a bit too fine, and peeled one of the doors off its hinges, but we didn't stop. Remember, automobiles hadn't been invented. Nobody had ever driven a self-propelled steam fire engine before, or anything like one. It was as big as a small locomotive. The iron tires struck sparks out of the cobbles as we thundered through the freight yard, by the depot, and across the tracks. In a few minutes, we were in open country, rolling over the dirt roads at a clip that would have been good for a track horse. There were no paved roads then. Just dirt, mud, and sand, full of rocks and ruts.

"How far's it to Boston?" I asked Tim. I had never been away from home in my life.

"I don't know," says Tim. "I'm just following the boys up front. And I advise you, me lad, to do likewise."

It was a wild ride. The big machine lurched and rolled, and we didn't have much to hang onto, even when we weren't firing the boiler. It didn't make much noise, steam never does. It just panted and snuffled like a locomotive, but it jumped around a lot more. Folks who saw us that night said it looked like the devil come for his own. The headlight threw a long yellow finger down the road. When Tim forced the draft, which was most of the time, the short smokestack sent

up a cloud of smoke and made Tim, who was no beauty anyway, look like a hellion at work. Up front we could see a glow of light on the horizon and could see the outline of Mr. Bean's plug hat bent over the steering wheel and Joel's square cap.

After a few miles, we started down a long hill, and we could see ahead a wooden bridge high over a river. Mr. Bean swung the throttle open and we picked up speed. I guess he figured that, like rubber ice, it would hold us if we went fast enough. Not many bridges were built then that would carry eight tons. The noise the loose planking made when we hit them was like a long roll of thunder. We learned later that we busted more than half of the planks, but we got across and up the other side into Nashua City.

We hunted around until we found the railway yards, and stopped to get on coal and water. It was a clear night, and the sky ahead was lit with orange light streaked with red, that wavered and pulsed like northern lights. The closer we got, the brighter it became. You could almost read a newspaper by it when we reached Lowell. We stopped there again for fuel.

One place where road and railway keep company for a ways we overtook a freight train loaded with men and fire engines. Must be an awful fire, we thought, to call out

help from as far as Lowell. Mr. Bean let out a toot on our whistle when he saw their locomotive. It was the *General Slocum*, that we had built the year before.

A church clock was striking midnight when we turned onto a cobble road and begun to make better time. We were close to the fire now. It was as bright as noon. We saw crowds of people all moving out. They were a scared-looking lot, men, women and children, moving with all they could carry, and trundling pushcarts and wheelbarrows.

Across the river it was a dreadful sight. It looked like the whole city of Boston was on fire. All the warehouses and wharves along the harbor were burning with a glare that every now and then flashed up even higher when a roof fell in.

The smoke was so thick that you could bite it, and stunk of burned wool and leather. It was one of the worst fires in the history of New England, and for a curious reason. You see, at the time it broke out there happened to be an influenza epizootic. You don't hear that word much nowadays. It's an epidemic among animals. Fire engines were all horse-drawn in those days, and with the fire horses sick, they could not move the apparatus. The fire had gotten an awful head start.

We crossed over into the city and were going along by a common when we saw about 20 men pulling a big steam pumper toward the fire. With their horses sick it was the

only way they could move it. They gave us a cheer as we passed them, and Tim threw a ball of greasy waste on the fire to blacken up our smoke, and hollered back. It was pretty exciting.

We turned sharp down a street that was full of firemen and volunteers. The buildings along one side were all afire, and they were trying to keep the fire from jumping the street. It looked as much like hell as anything I want to see before I get there! There were a lot of men, but no apparatus. They had nothing but a couple of old-fashioned hand pumpers and bucket lines. We pushed down through them to a fireplug at the foot of the street.

"Well, I got you here, boys!" hollered Mr. Bean, swinging down from the seat. We could barely hear him above the roar and crackle. "Now we've got to squirt our way out—if we are getting out."

He wasn't fooling. Even on the far side of the street, and it was a wide one, the heat was so great our paint began to blister. Any minute a wall might go over on us, or the fire jump and get around us. We worked fast coupling the hose lines while Joel put the steam into our four water pumps.

"Boys!" Mr. Bean yells to some soldiers who were handing a bucket line. "Bear a hand on the hose. Three men to a nozzle." Even with three men on each, they staggered around like drunks; we had such a pressure the hose lash nearly took

them off their feet. Bean stood up on the driver's seat and directed the nozzle men. Joel Bemis, with an oil can in one hand and a monkey wrench in the other, tended old *Vesuvius* like a baby. Tim and I just squatted down, and, shovel for shovel, heaved the coal to her as fast as we could lick.

We had tried the pumps out in the canal back home but never under a full head of steam. Even we were surprised at what happened. Those four hose lines squashed the blaze down as if it had been stepped on. Doors, windows, shutters, anything that got in the way of the streams, were knocked in. She would throw 380 feet from a two-and-three-eighths nozzle. We blanketed the fire in so much water and so quick it would have been funny, if there hadn't been so much of it. Once, when a piece of wall was swaying and ready to tip over on us, Bean had all four streams center on it, and pushed it backwards into the fire.

As soon as the fire was down in one place, he drove her up the street to the next plug, and we soused everything we could reach from there. The hand pumpers and the bucket men followed along behind, cleaning up. We had about reached the top of the street when someone shouted something about a wooden church further along. It was a bad place. If that old church, which was dry as a chip, ever caught, the fire would go right up the hill into the

residential part of the city. But in 20 minutes the *Vesuvius* had wet that church down so you couldn't have set fire to it if you had wanted to.

At daybreak the fire was under control and surrounded, but you could never tell when a breeze might fan it up again. There was so little apparatus, Mr. Bean said we had better keep going, even if we were dead tired. It was noon, Sunday, before we banked our fire and set down on a curb to rest.

We were too tired to even grunt. We were all crocked black with soot and soaking wet where we

weren't singed. Mr. Bean's plug hat was all stove in like an accordion. Tim Driscoll had lost part of his pants and both his eyebrows. We looked like tramps. But we were feeling pretty good just the same. We had kept up steam for 18 mortal hours and never dropped a pound. We had run the *Vesuvius* over the road from up in New Hampshire, 60 miles away, in five hours. This was 20 years before the first automobile made such a run. We had put out the Boston fire—and we were mechanics, not firemen—just the four of us and the *Vesuvius* that we had built!

## Flights of Fancy

A winter's day, soft and velvet-footed.—*Jules Romaine.*

Clear as the ting of silver on crystal.—*Mademoiselle.*

Income taxes: the fine you pay for reckless thriving.—*Dennis W. Foreman.*

Elusive as an air bubble in wallpaper.—*Arthur "Bugs" Baer.*

Around her eyes were the dry beds of old smiles.—*Gertrude Atherton.*

Relaxed as a wet leaf.—*N. V. D.*

A pansy-faced kitten.—*Ruth Cox.*

It is rumored that the same person invented the telephone booth, the upper berth, and the breakfast nook.—*Enka Voice.*

As hopeless as picking up mercury with a catcher's mitt.—*Pageant.*

Easy as falling off a diet.—*Gay Atlanta.*

Adam and Eve started the whole thing, and atom and evil may end it.—*Ruth Cox.*

There is no indigestion worse than that which comes from having to eat your own words.—*Mrs. Sam Pruitt.*

Baldness: a crisis coming to a head.—*Townsend National Week.*

The first step in reducing is away from the icebox.—*Kenneth L. Krichbam.*

Washington: the only place in the world where sound travels faster than light.—*Wichita Eagle.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*When a hunter forgets one thing for a second or two, results can be bad*

## One Bite From a Bear

By FRANK C. HIBBEN

Condensed from a book\*

**A** LLEN HASSELBORG nosed his heavy skiff onto the rough boulders of the beach. The boat was seaworthy, for all its ungraceful lines, but Hasselborg was not a boatbuilder. As a matter of fact, he had been a mule skinner by trade.

In 1900, the major drawing force in Alaska was still the Yukon gold. But Allen Hasselborg had come from Seattle to Ketchikan, Alaska, to hunt a fortune in furs. He came for bearskins—big Alaskan brown-bear skins.

Only a half dozen years before, the wanton waves of hunters had destroyed the last of the American buffalo herds. The bison had been slaughtered mostly for their hides. In those years of President McKinley's regime, no carriage, sleigh, nor porch swing was without its buffalo robe. The skin of an Alaskan brown bear, with a generous covering of long winter fur, was as good a substitute for a buffalo robe as anyone could find.

The ebbing tide was already falling from the stern of the craft as Hasselborg pushed

and heaved to float it free. He climbed the beach, paying out the coil of hempen rope to allow his skiff to progress well into deep water. When his craft was perhaps 50 yards from the shore, he judged it sufficient. With a single jerk he tightened the rope in his hands, and he heard the satisfactory "plop" as the anchor fell from the skiff. The anchor chain made a buzzing noise as it ran swiftly over the gunwale, then came to a stop. Hasselborg tied the end of the rope to a large driftwood log, well above the high-tide mark. He picked up his rifle, and looked about him.

Basket bay is like a thousand others of its kind in Alaska. It is a horseshoe-shaped indentation in



\*Hunting American Bears. Copyright, 1945, 1946, 1949, 1950 by the author. Reprinted with permission of J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 247 pp. \$5.

the rugged shore line of Chichagof island. Only gentle swells ever lap the inner beach. The name of the place is derived from a peculiar geologic formation near shore. The stream of the Basket river flows through a laminated series of lime rocks in a tunnel-like cave. The rock arches look like a series of baskets with handles above.

The first run of salmon was just going in. They pointed their heads upstream and swam steadily.

"With these salmon running, the bear will be down along the streams," Hasselborg thought to himself. He plunged into the brush. The salmonberry bushes grew thick. But there was a slight opening which the experienced eye of the hunter had recognized. Within the bushes the trail was hard-packed and plain. Thousands of generations of bears had beaten out a path.

The bear trail led almost immediately upward. From the fringe of bushes above the beach the land rose sharply on limestone ledges. Here was a grove of hemlock, and farther up, red and yellow cedars.

Upon entering the first fringe of trees, Hasselborg checked his Winchester.

Hasselborg walked almost noiselessly. Every few yards he dropped to one knee to examine some muddy spot in the trail more closely. "Good-sized bear," he muttered to himself, measuring the track with outstretched fingers. "Must have passed here two or three hours

ago." Then he almost shouted, "Look at that one!" He bent the grass away to look at the imprint. It had been made by the hind foot of a gigantic bear. He measured it on his gun barrel. The track was a good 18 inches from the print of the toes to the tip of the heel. But the mud inside of the track had been pitted with tiny droplets of moisture. The bear had passed the day before. Hasselborg grunted in half disappointment, but nevertheless looked about him more carefully.

He had come perhaps a mile from the beach, and the Basket river was still off to his left. There was an opening through the trees ahead that might be a beaver meadow or a grassy clearing. He walked a few more yards up the bear trail and looked out between the trees. The open space was a lake of dark blue water. A border of lily pads ran around the edge. At the far side, 200 yards away, a small stream emptied into the lake between two spits of bare ground.

On the far edge of the lake was a fringe of meadow with trees beyond. There was a dark spot in this meadow that did not seem to be a fallen log. The hunter squinted. The dark mass in the high grass looked like bear fur. Suddenly, it moved. Hasselborg was sure then and settled his gun firmly beneath his armpit, and started on once again.

At its upper end, Basket lake was



plugged by a beaver pond. The rising waters had killed the alders and the scattered spruces that once grew here. Dead trees with lifeless limbs rose out of the water at all angles.

Those are treacherous places. In spots, the animals had channeled the earth into deep canals and tunnels through which they might pass from one pool to another. Uncertain stubs and cuttings of alder limbs, coated with slime, lay underfoot. Through these hazards Hasselborg stalked cautiously. He felt his way along the edge of the dam until he could look out through the dead trees at the far side.

There it was! A mountain of fur above the grass tops. The hump of the bear showed clearly and it moved a little as the animal fed on the meadow grass.

The little meadow across the beaver dam was 100 yards away. Hasselborg knew well that a killing shot was impossible with so little of the bear exposed. He began to work his way across, walking in the water above the dam. This was business. The dark-colored bear across the beaver lake would make perhaps the largest robe that Hasselborg had ever collected.

The slightest noise might reach the bear. Hasselborg was halfway across the beaver dam and the water was up to his waist. He kept his eyes glued on the back of the animal. Suddenly the feeding bear raised a gigantic head from the grass. Hasselborg crouched low be-

hind the crest of the beaver dam.

The bear's head was as big as a washtub and just as round. The straight muzzle was enormous and pointed straight toward him. The furry ears of the huge brute were pricked forward. The whole attention of the bear was riveted on the beaver dam. Cautiously and slowly the hunter shifted his rifle and laid it on the lip of the beaver dam. A shot from here would be sufficient.

The animal shifted his front paws to face the cause of his inquiry. Then with a heave of his body he stood half upright with his paws hanging in front of him. The beast, which had appeared huge before, now seemed a mountain of living fur. The paws that hung so menacingly in front were armed with claws six inches long that curved wickedly back against the fur of his belly. Such an animal, Hasselborg knew, would weigh close to a ton.

Should he try a neck shot? A mark on the skull would be uncertain with the bear's head so far above him. The shoulder was impossible, since the animal was pointing almost directly toward him.

So Hasselborg fingered his rifle uncertainly over the parapet of the beaver dam. Twice he dropped his cheek to the stock of the weapon and twice he hesitated.

During those moments of indecision the bear dropped again to all fours and advanced a step or two nearer. This put him in a worse

### **Seniority Setback**

Campers usually get rid of foraging bears by banging a couple of pans together. A half-grown black bear in Yellowstone park figured out how he could put this fact to good use.

When the bears feed at Old Faithful, grizzlies dine first, then adult black bears. The cubs have to take whatever is left.

One evening the grizzlies had just started eating. Suddenly, a terrific clanging began. Every bear, except one, promptly left. The exception was a small black bear. He abandoned a couple of five gallon cans he had been banging together, then dined in solitude.

Emile C. Schurmacher in *This Week Magazine* (12 Nov. '50).

position than ever for a killing shot. The huge body was diagonal now and again with only a hump and part of the back visible. Hasselborg slid his rifle along the rough sticks on top of the dam and prepared to move cautiously forward, so as to approach the bear from the side.

In another yard or two the stalker would reach the other end of the beaver dam and the comparative shelter of some bushes there. From this vantage point the broad side of the bear was exposed and a killing shot would be possible.

It was a successful stalk, and Hasselborg was as good a hunter as

any in the Alaskan Territory. But the laws of chance and the fickle whims of fate are not governed by standards of human success. There was a certain alder pole, an unimportant thing in itself, but the real keystone of this whole unfortunate affair. As he waded, Hasselborg's booted leg had successfully negotiated this pole with his usual caution. But the sucking mud around the treacherous thing was in delicate balance. With a sound like a thousand water devils, the alder limb sprang out of the mud, throwing a shower of sand and water as high as Hasselborg's head.

With a single motion Hasselborg shook the water from his gun barrel and brought it to his shoulder in the ready position. He drew back the hammer in the same movement. There was no time now for careful calculations. Killing shot or no shot at all would be a matter of split seconds and sheer accident. The ponderous head of the bear was lunging toward him.

But Hasselborg stood firm. The bear was charging at a slight diagonal. The top of the massive head and the hump behind were not quite in line. It had to be a neck shot. It might turn the bear to the side and give time to reload. The distance was 15 yards. Hasselborg pulled the Rocky Mountain sights into line so that the dark fur of the bear's shoulder blotted them out.

The roar from the weapon

matched the vicious growl from the bear's throat as a 400 grain lead bullet plowed into his shoulder. Hasselborg reeled backward in the uncertain footing, but he saw with satisfaction the spurt of hair where the bullet hit. The gigantic body paused in mid-stride and swayed uncertainly. The great head dropped a little and half turned, as though to bite the wound.

Pink foam whipped away from the bear's mouth as the animal shook his head from side to side as though in anger. Once only the massive body leaped upward with a bucking motion. But the effort was without direction. The great round head hung low now and the gasping breath of the monster blew little bubbles at the end of his nostrils. The bear was obviously fighting to keep from going down altogether. Suddenly it came. A collapse that seemed to start at his tail and run through that gigantic frame like a ripple of death. First the hind legs, then the front, simply sank into the grass and lay still.

As Hasselborg approached the side of the monster, his excitement increased. This would be the biggest robe out of Alaska that year, and perhaps for all time. The hair on the hide was long and coarse and in good condition all over. Hasselborg unconsciously shifted his skinning knife around to the side of his belt. He turned and leaned his rifle against an alder bush. As he did so, he patted the

weapon affectionately. Slipping the bowie knife out of its sheath, he turned to his task.

As his eyes came around, there was blackness before him. Blood-shot eyes glared down at him from a height twice his own. He saw but vaguely the bloody foam dripping from those awful jaws. Almost against him, a massive paw hung limp with blood matting the fur at its base. He had forgotten his own precept about approaching bears until they were dead.

At the first shock, Hasselborg had thrown up his left arm in half defense against the nearness of the towering bear. His hand still held the knife which he had drawn to skin a lifeless carcass. There was no escape in running and the thought never crossed his mind. He knew that the bear would catch him at the first lunge. Allen Hasselborg was a brave man, but hot panic swept through him as the bear's jaws closed. The animal was falling forward upon him. The one good forepaw of the towering beast was reaching out. The curved claws were hooked and ready. That paw, as big as the blade of a shovel, would pull his head and shoulders into those opening jaws. The end would come quickly.

Dropping the useless knife, Hasselborg half turned and jumped with all the energy of his powerful legs. He landed on his belly and stayed there. Some heavenly providence had worn a small rivulet into

the mud and turf. It was only six inches deep, but it seemed a haven of refuge. Like a frightened rabbit, he worked his body into the depression. His feet and legs fitted nicely, but at that it was a poor hiding place for a grown man. Allen Hasselborg folded his arms tightly around the sides of his head, and waited.

Through the mud in his mouth he said the first of a prayer. There was a weight on the small of his back. Then a searing pain as sharp points ripped into the flesh. The bear was trying to turn him over. Once those claws sunk into the soft flesh of his belly, it would be over. Hasselborg endured and the paw swept over him, carrying his belt, his trousers and most of his shirt with it.

Again the claws bit deep but scraped away, leaving only frayed furrows of bloody flesh in their wake. Hasselborg dug his fingers into the mud to resist the bear's push to turn him over. If the animal got a purchase anywhere, it was the end. One bite was enough.

The hot breath of the bear on his naked back opened every pore. The sweat mingled with the blood. A rumbling growl sounded as loud as the roar of an express train. The growl was suddenly muffled as the bear sank his teeth into the back of his shoulder. If only blessed unconsciousness would come. But he felt it all. He felt the bear's teeth slide along the bone and the huge

muzzle turned sideways to get a better hold on the roundness of his shoulder. He heard the noise of his own muscles being torn from the shoulder blade.

Hasselborg regained consciousness in total darkness. A steady rain fell and he was half submerged by a puddle of muddy water. He drank some of the foul stuff greedily without moving his head. He thought his back must be broken. He did slide one knee painfully in the mud up underneath him. One arm, too, seemed to move feebly as he braced himself with a tremendous effort in a crouching position.

He looked dazedly around him and noticed the half light in the sky, but whether it was twilight of the same evening or the dawn of another day, he did not know. His left arm was completely useless and looked white and puckered, like a thing already dead. He tried to get on his feet, but fell weakly forward on his injured shoulder, with a white flash of excruciating pain. He would have to crawl. Hasselborg tried a few movements on both knees and one arm. It was slow, but he gained a few yards. He touched something cold in the grass. It was the metal of his Winchester rifle, already rusting in the dampness. He lifted the thing tentatively with his one good hand. The stock had been bitten off and the magazine was dented deeply as though it had been pounded with an axe. The bear had vented his

anger on all things there in the meadow that carried the hated human smell.

Using the barrel and frayed stump of the useless weapon as a staff, Hasselborg pushed himself to his feet. He swayed dizzily a moment, but it was good to be upright again. With hunter's instinct, he looked for the body of his antagonist. Nowhere could he see a mass of brown fur. Perhaps even now the monster was nursing his wounds and waiting for this man-thing to move. Hasselborg turned at the thought and shuffled with uncertain steps toward the beaver dam. As he moved haltingly forward, his left arm and shoulder dangled useless before him like a hanging strap. The collar bone must be broken, too. With the effort, also, fresh blood welled out of the torn muscles on his back and ran down the whiteness of his arm. On the other side of the beaver pond Hasselborg fainted again.

It was night when he reached the beach. Most of the way he had come on his hands and knees. He slept the sleep of the near dead on the beach in the rain.

In the coldness before dawn he awakened again. It was low tide. He left the useless rifle in the sand and waded out to the boat. The water was breast deep. Hasselborg hung his good hand limply over the gunwale. He did not have the strength to pull himself in.

With an awful feeling of defeat,

Hasselborg waded back toward the shore. He pulled the boat into shallow water, anchor and all.

Heedless of the blinding pain as his broken arm and the raw scraps of flesh hanging from his shoulder scraped over the side of the boat, he pulled himself in and fell again unconscious in the pool of dirty rain water in the bottom of the craft.

When Hasselborg opened his eyes he felt that he had slept. His shoulder was bent beneath him at a sickening angle. But he did feel a little better, and started to move stiffly toward the cabin for a bite of food. Then he would pull the anchor up and go for help. But how would he heave that iron weight from the mud of the bottom?

He pulled himself back to the cabin and got out two blankets. He finally went to sleep.

The next day Hasselborg ate a little and even attempted to heat some soup on the small oil stove in the cabin. But the burner mechanism was too much. In the little cracked mirror on the wall of the cabin he scarcely recognized himself. His injured arm had stiffened now and ceased to hurt. His clothes were gone completely. Only the collar of his shirt remained. He still kept the blanket around his shoulders.

That afternoon, Hasselborg tried to lift the anchor again. It was no use. In another few hours the mess

that had been his shoulder would become creeping gangrene. A pair of bald eagles sat in the deadened top of a yellow cedar that hung bare limbs over the water. Those eagles eat dead meat, and they expected to see dead meat soon.

On the morning of the third day, Hasselborg could barely raise his body. For a fleeting moment his mind felt clearer, and again he had that determination that he would not go down without one last struggle. He must make one final attempt to save himself from the grip of the iron anchor that chained him to this place of death. He felt beyond the need of food, now, and his fevered eyes swung idly around his boat. There was a short-handled woodsman's axe held by straps to the cabin wall.

Dragging it after him by its short handle, Hasselborg crawled to the chain. With tremendous difficulty he raised himself on both knees.

Hasselborg grasped the heavy axe midway up the handle and raised it in a wide arc above his head. Grinding his teeth together with the effort, he brought the axe down with his one arm. The tendons on his neck stood out as he sought to throw the whole weight of his body behind the blow. There was a blue spark of metal on metal and the edge of the falling axe buried the chain link deep into the wood.

Hasselborg's head sank on his breast for a moment. But then started the rasping noise of metal

on wood. The anchor chain ran out.

It was in the half light of the next dawn when a small skiff with half a sail came into the harbor of the Indian village of Hoonah. The lone occupant of this boat made no effort to slacken his pace or come around for a mooring. Any who might have noticed this strange craft and its pilot come in would have seen that the sail was tied fast to the mast and the steersman hung over the wheel like one drunk. With the momentum of the sea breeze behind it, the boat drove hard into the beach and turned sideways. When the Indians lifted Hasselborg out of the cockpit he was apparently dead.

But Indians know ways that even the white doctors would envy. There are herbs and leaves and potions that will inject strength into a man. The natives nursed Hasselborg for many days before he knew where he was.

It is true that this hunter with the black beard still carries his left arm in a peculiar manner, for the muscles are all gone from the back of his shoulder. He makes a point, too, of always having a sharp axe on his fishing boat, although this seems unnecessary under the circumstances. Hasselborg has not hunted bear commercially since that time. But whenever the talk is of gigantic bears, and one special monster that used to live on Chichagof island, Hasselborg always says, "One bite is enough."



*The Pope thought it was too good to leave to the infidels*

# Black, Hot, Pure, Sweet Coffee

By THEOPHILO DE ANDRADE

Condensed from *United Nations World\**



**E**VERY morning, 100 million Americans drink a cup of coffee at breakfast. At mid-morning, 18 million enjoy a second cup. Forty-two million have coffee with their luncheon. During the afternoon still other millions relax over a cup of the stimulating brown beverage, and more than 50 million end their evening meal with it.

Americans are not the only people who follow this routine. Countless coffee addicts in Western Europe, the Balkans, the Moslem world of the Middle East and North Africa, in Indonesia and Latin America do the same thing.

In consequence, coffee has become a huge industry. The U.S. alone spends three quarters of a billion dollars a year for coffee.

Where and when the first cup of coffee was brewed no one knows, but there is evidence that the coffee tree, as we know it, is native to Abyssinia. We know that coffee was first mentioned in the world's literature by the learned Rhazes, an Arabian physician, about 900 A.D.

During the Middle Ages coffee was popular only in the Middle East. People in the western world considered it an infidel drink. When it first found its way into Christendom a group of priests appealed to Pope Clement VIII to forbid its use. After the good Pope had sampled the beverage, history tells us, he exclaimed, "Why, this Satan's drink is so delicious that it would be a pity to let the infidels have exclusive use of it." Thereupon, he formally blessed it, making coffee a "truly Christian beverage."

During the Renaissance, coffee drinking in Europe became the pleasure of middle-class people as well as the privilege of kings. People met their friends in the popular public coffee houses. Coffee was made the theme of essays, poems, and musical compositions.

Voltaire drank no fewer than 50 cups a day. Talleyrand, the great diplomat, thought the ideal cup of coffee should be "black as the devil, hot as hell, pure as an angel, and

\*319 E. 44th St., New York City 17. October, 1950.

sweet as love." Johann Sebastian Bach composed the *Coffee Cantata*, which is still a favorite composition.

Not until the coffee tree found its ideal home in the New World, however, did coffee become abundant enough so that everyone could buy it.

Until the early 1700's the coffee tree was carefully guarded and its production strictly proscribed. Many people had tried to smuggle seedling trees out of Europe. Only Gabriel Mathieu de Clieu succeeded. With the connivance of a high lady at the French court, he secured three seedlings from the guarded botanical gardens. On the long journey to Martinique in the West Indies, de Clieu had to overcome both intrigue and the elements of nature to protect his precious charge. He shared his ration of drinking water with the little trees during the long period in which his ship was becalmed. One of the tiny trees survived, and de Clieu successfully transplanted it on Martinique.

From that one seedling have come most of the billions of coffee trees that now flourish in the American hemisphere. Today, the 14 coffee-producing nations of America grow almost 90% of the world's coffee, with Brazil contributing about 50% and Colombia 20%.

The coffee tree will flourish only in the tropics. Even within that prescribed range, however, it demands certain types of soil, certain

amounts of moisture and sun, and a certain altitude. Coffee cultivation requires infinite care, from the time the seed is sown in special nurseries, through its transplanting into specially prepared soil, and through its five years of growth before it begins to bear. Thus, in addition to everything else, coffee requires an abundant supply of labor. In Latin America all these requirements are ideally met.

The Latin-American nations supply coffee to the world at the rate of 4 billion pounds a year. Yet coffee cannot be mass-produced. The harvesting and processing of the crop requires constant human attention. No one has yet devised machinery to replace human hands in the picking. Humans also help with the pulping, cleaning, drying, sorting, grading, and final preparation of the green coffee berries for shipment to processing plants.

It takes 3,500 coffee berries—picked, sorted, graded—to make only one pound of roasted coffee. And a mature coffee tree will produce, on the average, only enough berries to make one pound of coffee per year!

The coffee grower has enjoyed brief years of prosperity, when coffee growing "was more profitable than gold mining." He has survived the longer periods of overproduction and depressed markets.

After nearly 20 lean years, the coffee grower is once again emerging from economic drought.

Your kids' "income" helps to get them ready  
for adult life

## Should Children Get an Allowance?

Condensed from *Changing Times*\*



**T**HERE comes a time in the life of all parents when they discover that their erstwhile cherubs are alert to the sordid ways of commerce.

The kids want money. Or, to put it more exactly, they wish to spend money.

Then come the problems. Should you keep cash out of their hands, lest it be lost or squandered? Should you dish it out when they ask for it? Should you make them earn it? Or give them allowances?

Put the question to teachers, child psychologists, and family-finance experts and you will get an almost unanimous verdict: give the child an allowance.

Their reasons boil down to two main points. First, the only way youngsters can learn to manage money is by experience. Second, operating within a "fixed income" develops a sense of value and responsibility.

Many parents object to the allowance idea. "If he needs money, let him earn it." Older children can

certainly be encouraged to supplement allowances that way. But earning opportunities are limited for youngsters still in school. And kids are involved in money transactions long before they are able to earn.

"We just can't afford it." An allowance need not come on top of other expenses. The idea is to let the children themselves handle some of the money ordinarily spent on them. Keep track of how much you put out for your child and you will probably find the sum considerable.

"I didn't have an allowance when I was young, and I got along all right." True, but times have changed. Today money is cheaper and there is more of it (even if it buys less). It figures in all sorts of everyday activities.

"The kids are too young to handle money; they'd waste it." Sure they will—and that's how they will learn *not* to waste it. Let them make mistakes while it can't do much harm.

Actually, most parents, though they may grumble some about how things were in their day, see the wisdom of a regular allowance. But once they have decided to give Junior a set amount of spending money, how should the business be managed?

Here are seven questions most likely to puzzle Junior's parents, and the answer child-training specialists would give.

When should we start giving him an allowance? Four years of age is about the earliest you should

start. Five or six is usually better.

What spending does an allowance cover? At first, with a six-year-old, for example, probably one special purchase a week, such as an ice-cream cone or a dime-store toy, and perhaps a coin for the Sunday collection. Later the allowance should cover school supplies, movies, hobbies. A high-school student's allowance can include long-range savings, some clothing money, "date" money.

How much should we give him? If you're starting him off at five or

### *A Child's Personal Needs*

Here's a check list of the typical items that children in different age groups buy or have bought for them. It doesn't include general family expenses, such as food and rent, clothing for children under 12, or such

special items as medical care, music lessons, summer camps. Use the list to find out how much you actually spend on your child. Choose from it the items you can let them buy out of an allowance.

#### *Under 6*

ice cream, candy  
dime-store toys  
playthings, books, paints,  
crayons  
money for church or  
school  
gifts for others

#### *6 to 9*

the above items, plus  
magazines  
movies  
premiums or "box-top"  
offers  
savings for special

purchases  
school carfare and  
lunches  
charity donations

#### *9 to 12*

snacks  
hobby materials  
club fees  
books and magazines  
sports equipment and  
repairs  
movies, games, special  
events  
fad accessories  
haircuts  
school expenses

special savings  
gifts, church and charity  
contributions

#### *12 to 18*

the above items, plus  
school social expenses  
phonograph records  
special clothing and  
accessories  
"date" expenses  
cosmetics  
athletic fees  
student activities  
savings for college and  
trips

From *Money Management, Children's Spending*. Copyright, 1946, by Household Finance Corporation.

six, a dime or so a week is fair beginner's pay. That will allow him to plan and make one outlay a week, which is probably enough.

Increase it as he grows older. A raise every birthday is a good plan, and you can use the occasion to discuss his spending.

As to the amount an older child should get, there just isn't any set rule. Your guides in setting the amount, however, are: family income and living standards; the absolutely necessary expenditures the child must make, such as carfare to school; his other personal needs, and your decision about which purchases he should make for himself; his age and capacities. Don't overload him with responsibilities before he's ready, but let the sum keep pace with those he can handle. The idea is to plot the expenses which the allowance is to cover, and then figure the amount needed.

How often should he get the allowance? Once a week is generally best. Small children may get along better if you make it twice a week. Older ones may prefer to get their money every two weeks, or even monthly. Once a month, however, is about the least frequent payday that should be allowed.

Pay regularly and in fixed amounts, whatever the period. Learning to handle a periodic "income" is the crux of the whole scheme. And here's a tip: give all or part of the allowance in small

change. Children soon learn that not having the right change is a dandy excuse for wheedling a little extra money from the nearest available parent.

How much should we supervise his spending? As little as possible. It may hurt at times, but that's the only way an allowance can become the real educational tool it should be. Make sure your child understands just what his money must cover. Make sure he knows what his "fixed expenses" are. Make sure that there is some money which he can decide how to spend. Then give him his head, and stick to giving occasional advice.

Should we be strict about not exceeding the allowance? Yes, but use a little sense and discretion. As a rule, the child should be given a set amount and held to it, no extras. If, in the early stages, he overspends, you can decide for yourself whether to help him out the first few times or let him learn his lesson at once. Beyond that, there are times when a child will run into special or emergency expenses. Relaxing the rules on such occasions may be a good idea as long as it isn't done too often.

What if he is troubled because his best friend gets more? There's no easy answer to that one, not even in adult life. Find out, if possible, what the companion's allowance is to be spent on. It may just be that he is handling more of his own purchases. Even if you can't

match the "splurge" money that his friends have, you may be able to take a little of the sting out of the situation by letting him handle more of the money spent on him, some clothing money, for instance.

You can make it easier for a child to accept money inequalities by letting him into the family council.

If he is old enough, help him find ways to earn extra money. Or there may be jobs around the house that you pay outsiders to do which he

could be hired to do just as well.

The main problem, though, is still to help him understand that spending is governed by income, not by what someone else spends.

An allowance is not a means of indulging your child, and you shouldn't consider it as such. Look upon it as an essential part of his training and education, a means of equipping him gradually for the eventual responsibilities of adulthood. And handle it accordingly.

### Confusion . . .

PROTESTANT preachers are handicapped by the existence of the many splinter denominations. There are 222 in all. And although 29 have merged since 1900 into 13 larger groups, 76 new ones have sprung up in the same span.

Montreal Daily Star.

### . . . Confounded

SEVERAL summers ago, my daughter and her little four-year-old daughter, June, were spending the summer with me in Atlanta. We are Baptists. Near us are two Baptist, two Methodist, two Presbyterian, one Christian, and one Catholic church, all within walking distance. My daughter told June that when Bible school started at one of the churches, she wanted her to go.

June's little playmates were of all denominations, including three Catholics and only one Baptist. One Presbyterian church is on the opposite corner from St. Anthony's Catholic. One day June ran into the house, yelling, "Mother, mother—I want to go to Bible school."

My daughter quieted her long enough to ask, "Which church is having the Bible school?"

June stood thinking for a few minutes, then answered, "I think it's at the Cathpoterian."

Mrs. O. H. Akers.

### . . . Resolved

THE essential difference between Catholicism and all other religions is that the others start with man. They are touching and often very beautiful attempts, rising very high in their search for God. But in Catholicism there is a contrary movement, the descent of God towards the world, in order to communicate His life to it. From *The Salvation of the Nations* by Jean Daniélou.



# The Death of James Forrestal

By MAURICE S. SHEEHY

James Vincent Forrestal, U. S. Secretary of Defense, leaped to his death from the 16th floor of Bethesda Naval hospital, Sunday morning, May 22, 1949. The *New American Mercury* credits "the communists and columnists" with a share of responsibility in causing the nervous breakdown during which his death occurred. Louis Johnson became his successor.

THIS is an article which I prefer not to write; but, at the urgent insistence of the CATHOLIC DIGEST editor, and to clear up possible misunderstanding, I shall make the record clear.

The immediate provocation is an article by William Bradford Huie, appearing in the December issue of the *New American Mercury*. In that article I am quoted as saying, "Had I been allowed to see my friend, Jim Forrestal, receive him back into the Church, and put his mind at ease with the oldest and most reliable of medicines known to mankind, he would be alive today."

My acquaintanceship with the late Secretary Forrestal began one evening back in 1940 when I met him at a party given by

Dorothy Thompson, newspaper columnist. He was a small, wiry man with vigorous movements and a more vigorous mind. We talked until midnight about the grim events in Europe which were drawing us into a war.

At that time Jim was an assistant to the President. When I next met him he was Secretary of the Navy and I was still in Navy uniform after 33 months in the Pacific. We met at the home of Eugene Meyer. Again I was favorably impressed by the likable, dynamic man who had done so much to marshal our forces for victory. At that dinner we decided that there should be a Nimitz Day celebration, contrary to the wishes of the admiral, and President Truman was immediately aligned with the cause.

As I was leaving the service, I found that the recommendation given for a Congressional Medal of Honor to Father O'Callahan, one of the chaplains associated with me at Pearl Harbor whom I had helped to transfer to the *USS Franklin*, had been delayed. Jim was very sympa-



thetic with my plea that a new investigation be started. An important letter had been lost. I secured a copy of the letter from Rear Admiral Ralph Davison. One admiral had voted not to bestow the medal because a chaplain was a noncombatant! The first action taken by Admiral Nimitz on his return from the Pacific was to preside at a board at which the Medal of Honor was awarded Father O'Callahan, the first and only time a chaplain had been so honored in our country.

The proceedings brought me into closer contact with Secretary Forrestal. One day he said, "You know, I am not as good a Catholic as I should be." I answered in amazement, "I had not known you were a Catholic."

"Some other day I'll talk that over with you, Father," was his response.

The next time I saw Jim, Admiral Ernest King entered the room as we were having lunch. Jim's introduction was not flattering. "This is Father Sheehy, Ernie," he said. "He fights with, for, or against the Navy. Today, thank God, he is on our side."

During the discussion on merger legislation, Mr. Forrestal sent for me frequently, and under his leadership a law on unification was accepted.

It was at the suggestion of Secretary Forrestal that I went to Rome in the spring of 1948, prior

*Msgr. Maurice Stephen Sheehy is an instructor of religion at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., where he is also director of the survey council. He was educated at Columbia college, Iowa, where he later taught Latin, religion, and sociology, and he also studied at the St. Paul, Minn., seminary and the Catholic University. He was made a domestic prelate in 1948. He lectures summers at Fordham, De Paul, and Loyola in Chicago. Since 1930, he has been chairman of the committee on racial attitudes of the Catholic Association for International Peace.*

to the Italian elections which were to decide the fate of that country.

When a campaign of misrepresentation of his loyalty and his administration began in 1948, I begged him to answer. In a letter written March 9, 1949, he said, "I agree with you I should expose the guerrilla warfare directed against me. The trouble is I don't have time to devote to that activity."

In my files are approximately 40 letters and notes received from Jim. We discussed the communist program, and it was during one of those discussions I said, "No one but a Catholic could feel and think as you do about communism." He flushed and said, "Father, we'll talk that over later."

The day he was admitted to the hospital, Forrestal told Dr. Raines he wished to see me. The word reached me through the executive

officer of the hospital. I dismissed a class, because I had seen his collapse coming on for some weeks, and knew his condition was serious. The psychiatrist told me that he wished my help, but that Jim was so confused I should wait some days before seeing him.

During the next few weeks I made six trips to the hospital. Each time I was told that the "time was not opportune" for seeing the ex-Secretary. Father Paul McNally, S.J., of Georgetown university, also tried to see him. In this matter, I believe the psychiatrist in charge, was acting according to his principles. Through Henry Forrestal, Jim's brother, I was able to get some messages to Jim, and he knew that we were assembling some documents which dealt with his marriage status.

One factor that helped Forrestal in his resolution to be reconciled with his Church was his admiration of Cardinal Spellman, to whom he was greatly devoted and who made possible Forrestal's last public appearance in New York.

"What Church do you attend?" Jim asked a medical corpsman attending him in Bethesda hospital.

"Catholic, sir."

"Then be a good one," advised Jim.

After repeated delays, I went to the Secretary of the Navy, John L. Sullivan, to see why my visit with Forrestal had been postponed. This

was on Thursday, May 19. The Secretary called the chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, who called the psychiatrist in charge.

"Next week," Mr. Sullivan was told, "Father Sheehy can see Mr. Forrestal."

But on the morning of Sunday, May 22, Jim was found dead.

Secretary Forrestal's son had also been to see me, and upon his return from France asked me to conduct the funeral services. Arrangements had previously been made with an Episcopalian bishop by Mrs. Forrestal, so I did not attend the service.

All that has been said about the service of Jim Forrestal to his country is understatement. It is my conviction that he was always a Catholic at heart, that he loved the Church, and saw in it not only personal salvation, but the best protection against atheistic communism. Final judgment, of course, rests with God.

In psychiatry at the present time there is general agreement as to the place of religion in restoring mental health. There is disagreement as to when spiritual aid can most effectively be given. While it is not my province to pass judgment upon the factors which brought on Forrestal's collapse, I stand by the statement attributed to me in the *New American Mercury*. Peace of soul is the best antidote for the depressed mind.

*Federal Housing Act falls apart under impact of new credit restrictions*

## Homeless Stay Homeless

Condensed from NCWC\*

FEDERAL government officials, acting under the Defense Production act, have tossed out a 1950 Housing act incentive for building more family-size houses. The incentive wasn't working anyway.

*It was a damp, frosty night last week, and the heavy mist that lay along the Ohio river banks curled chilly fingers around Joe Smith's two-room frame house near Delhi.*

*In the dim light of an oil lamp inside the little dwelling Joe and his wife and their seven children—in another month there will be eight—tried to read and sew and do their lessons. The landlord had turned off the electric current that morning.*

New emergency restrictions on credit for one and two-family houses wiped out a "bonus" feature for government-insured three and four-bedroom houses. This feature had provided \$950 extra insurance coverage for a third bedroom, and the same amount for a fourth bedroom in houses valued at \$8,000 to \$9,000.

At Congressional hearings before this legislation was passed, builders argued that the bonus provision was "unrealistic." The real-estate men said that high costs would make a three or four-bedroom house at such prices, even with the bonus, a bargain indeed. When asked about scuttling of the "bonus," Federal Housing and Home Administrator Raymond M. Foley said that for this reason it had been hardly used at all.

*Moisture condensed on walls and ceilings. Curtains were mildewed; the furniture was beginning to warp. Occasionally a child coughed. An oil stove stood in one room, but the tank was empty.*

*There was no bathroom; an "out-door arrangement" stood some distance behind the house. Mrs. Smith hated to ask her husband to fetch water. Instead, she went out to the pump herself to draw it, and carried it back in buckets. She knew better than to mention this to her doctor.*

But aside from whether the bo-

\*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Oct. 23, 1950. *Italicized story*  
42 quoted by NCWC from the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph-Register.

nus was practical or not under current costs, it would probably have been thrown overboard just the same. Federal housing officials explained that the Defense Production act requires that conventional (private) lending and government-subsidized lending must conform. In other words, Uncle Sam could lend you no more than your local banker or other lending agency would give you.

Consequently, when the Housing and Home Finance agency and the Federal Reserve board got together to act against inflation by cutting down loans for home building, their regulations had to coincide. Private lending agencies such as banks do not as a rule go out of their way to encourage building of family-size homes. And federal housing officials would be more inclined to make their regulations match those of the private field. Impracticality of the federal bedroom bonus, except in a few low-cost areas, would only strengthen this tendency.

*Joe was afraid to argue with the landlord about the electricity last week. "Where would I get another house at \$12 a month?" he asked.*

*A common line brings current to Joe's house and to the near-by landlord's. When Mrs. Smith turns on the washing machine, sometimes a fuse is blown. This angers the landlord, and he disconnects the current. That is what happened last week.*

Credit restrictions on apartment-house construction are anticipated in the near future, and a more practical spur to family-size housing in the rental field may go overboard too. The 1950 Housing act provides maximum mortgage-loan insurance of \$8,100 a unit in a rental project if the average unit size is not less than 4½ rooms. This is designed so that any efficiency or one-bedroom unit must be fully offset by three or four-bedroom apartments.

If the average unit size is less than 4½ rooms, the mortgage insurance limit is \$7,200.

Government housing men say this is a much more realistic incentive to larger dwellings than the house bonus, although they have no figures to prove it. When Congress passed this proviso it noted that it was designed to "facilitate particularly" production of rental units "of design and size suitable for family living," and at reasonable rents. No one in Washington appears to know whether this provision will survive the imposing of credit curbs in the rental field.

*Joe makes about \$225 a month, and his present ordinary expenses are close to \$220. This does not include medical bills and other emergency items. The last time he brought home his semimonthly pay envelope he had exactly \$3 left after paying the most pressing bills.*

*His wife manages to feed the family on approximately \$100 a month, though a Catholic Charities*

*social worker said last week she does not understand how.*

*And because the landlord is a grocer he uses moral pressure to force Mrs. Smith to buy from him, although his prices are higher than they are in other near-by stores. When Joe does buy a bag of groceries at another store he has to sneak it into the house.*

*A St. Vincent de Paul parish unit has helped the family from time to time, and the Visitation society has provided layettes and other help when Mrs. Smith's babies were born. The Catholic Charities worker has assisted in many ways. But when she tried to find the Smiths a decent place to live in—one they could afford—her head began to ache.*

*Metropolitan housing projects allow only two persons in a room, unless one is an infant, so the Smith family was too big for them.*

*Real-estate dealers offered no encouragement. A typical answer came from a Western Hills agent, who said, "This just is not a renting town. It is a town of homeowners. But I do have a three-room flat at \$75 a month."*

*A glance at last Friday's Cincinnati Enquirer showed about ten columns of "Houses for Sale" and a tiny section entitled "Houses for Rent." Of the six listed, five included the prices, ranging from \$70 to \$150 a month.*

*Still another provision of the 1950 Housing act which may be*

*termed "unadministrable" under the Defense Production act is a stipulation affecting FHA rental housing. The 81st Congress specified:*

*"No mortgage shall be insured unless the mortgagor certifies under oath that in selecting tenants for the property covered by the mortgage he will not discriminate against any family by reason of the fact that there are children in the family." Restrictions on housing credit will last for the duration of the national emergency.*

*"I do not doubt that there are places where the family could live cheaply or free," the Catholic Charities worker said; "perhaps a converted barn or garage or former servants' quarters somewhere. Maybe some of those places are unoccupied only because their owners do not realize the plight of people like the Smiths."*

*Asked if there were many others in the same situation, she replied, "Plenty. Not all of them have as many children as the Smiths, but there are many families who have relatively small incomes and who need decent places to live."*

*A few years ago a doctor in Cincinnati General hospital turned up what he considered a solution to the Smiths' problems. Mrs. Smith visited a clinic there after her fifth child had been born.*

*"Just come into the hospital," the doctor counseled her, "and we'll sterilize you."*



*Health is more important than a second helping*

## Do You Have to Grow Old?

By ETHEL STRATTAN

Condensed from *Today's Health*\*

**S**HE was only 30, but ten doctors guessed her age to be between 45 and 50. Hard work? Poverty? Several children? Yes—but many women live rigorous lives and still look young.

This woman, however, had a husband who could not keep a steady job. She could buy only salt pork, dried beans, corn meal, and flour. Her skin was dry and wrinkled, and a rash covered her ankles and wrists. Her mouth and tongue were sore. Nervousness robbed her of sleep and weight.

After a month of proper foods and vitamins, she had gained ten pounds, was sleeping well, and looked ten years younger. Cases such as hers have convinced nutrition experts that we age at a rate closely allied to what we eat.

Thanks to medical science, most people now living in our western world are over 35. There are those whose 60th birthday can be deter-

mined only by referring to the family Bible; in looks, vigor, and health, they are 40.

During our first 35 years, there is much room for error in eating. An orgy of chocolate creams may cause temporary distress; but after shaking off the insult the body runs on as good as new. But as we grow older, our bodies function more slowly and more efficiently. The older body has to make every motion count. The metabolism (rate at which food is converted into energy) has slowed, and overeating takes its toll.

Investigators studied old persons without disease. They found no degeneration of bodily organs, even though the ages were 100 and older. Bodily processes were merely slowed.

An annual visit to the physician is necessary to determine whether food eaten is properly used. This cannot be overemphasized; 95% of every doctor's time is spent in re-



pair work, after bodily defects demand attention.

Much attention has been given to infant, child, and adolescent nutrition. But everyone over 18 has been loosely dumped into the adult class. Diet charts have been made up for sedentary adults, laborers, and so on. But middle and old age have special requirements too. By the time you reach 60, you need about 35% fewer calories than you did at 30.

Look at the ordinary family table. Depending on the housewife, the food is usually prepared to please one of three favorites: herself: heavy on the salads and broccoli; the children: mild puddings and ground meat; the breadwinner: meat, potatoes, and pie.

A restaurant with real home cooking is not the answer, either. Even if we can afford such luxuries, we don't always select what is good for us. Almost invariably, our favorite dishes are those we enjoyed as children, when hunger was at its sharpest, regardless of how well or poorly prepared. Amid our abundance, many families feel that overeating is normal, and cling to cream gravy and chocolate cake to their dying day.

Our ancestors had to track down each meal or work for it by sweat and cunning. But the lean warrior has given way to the flabby automobile driver. Recently, an 80-year-old English actor complained in New York that there was no one of

his own age around because nearly everybody in America eats himself to death in the 60's or 70's.

For those of us over 35, there is also danger at the other extreme. Many have starved to death because of lack of teeth, ill-fitting dentures or sore gums. Their tendency is to eat only soft foods. Cutting down on amount of food as we grow older does not mean cutting down on variety.

Another hunger stealer is illness. If we don't feel well, we usually aren't hungry.

The obvious rule for good health is threefold: learn what to eat; say No to tempting variations; eat properly whether we feel like it or not.

How should our diet change in middle and later years? Much protein, moderation in carbohydrates, and little fat. Starchy foods, sweets of all kinds, gravy, butter, and the like merely add pounds that have to be serviced by extra miles of blood vessels. This puts an undue strain on the cardiovascular system. By the time we are 60, many of us are deficient in calcium, iron, proteins, and vitamin A and the B vitamins.

Bones grow brittle because the ordinary American diet is calcium poor, and a deficiency is built up over years. The blood needs calcium. If you don't supply it by mouth, the blood appropriates what it needs from the bones, until they become just as brittle as tooth-picks. Calcium is a jack of all

trades, an essential in bones and teeth, heart action, and blood clotting. Calcium in nerve cells is expended during emotional upsets, causing early deficiencies in nervous people.

One quart of milk a day will supply calcium needs; however, it also has fat, and carbohydrates, as well as protein. Scientists are perfecting a process to free milk of the undesirables for the middle-aged, leaving calcium, vitamins, iron, and other vital ingredients to do their work.

One new high-protein, low-fat milk preparation is already on the market, and buttermilk is a good low-fat milk drink.

Life-sustaining oxygen is brought to your body organs by red hemoglobin in the blood, the basis of which is iron. Billions of red blood cells are used up by your body every day, but the iron is saved to make the billions of replacements. Though little iron is wasted, more of it becomes necessary when one of the organs becomes inefficient. Red meat is one of the best sources of iron, but is often passed up by

persons with poor teeth. If you need meat but can't chew it, don't be ashamed of using the strained meat prepared for babies.

Lack of protein causes anemia, loss of strength, and greater susceptibility to infections. Meat, yeast, soybeans, milk, cooked eggs, and fish give the most protein.

Though the enthusiastic wave of vitamins as a cure-all has subsided, vitamin A and the B vitamins are often needed as crutches for nutrition as we grow older.

Fortunately, new taste habits can be acquired quickly and easily. Two weeks of determination and dedication to winning health will shrink your appetite and reeducate your palate, increasing your vigor and sense of well-being.

If 14 days seems too formidable, convince yourself this way. For four days, write down everything you eat, not just meals, but everything. Most persons find that their starch and sugar intake is all out of proportion to the rest of their diet. Then rearrange your mental attitude. Health, after all, is more important than second helpings.



### *A Hymn Hath Power . . .*

FRED WARING was playing for a fairly rowdy dance crowd. The manager of the hall was getting worried, and was about ready to call the cops. Waring thought of a better idea. He ordered the lights lowered, and then chimes rang out. The band rose and sang Shubert's *Ave Maria*. The crowd mumbled, then listened. A riot was avoided.

*Movies* magazine (June '50).

*The former U. S. commissioner of education tells about  
the danger of high-pressure men in Washington*



## Can We Keep Politics Out of Public Schools?

By DR. JOHN W. STUDEBAKER

Condensed from *Look*\*

**E**DUCATION, President Roosevelt once told me, should never be mixed with politics.

He always upheld the nonpartisan, nonpolitical tradition in education.

Yet, five years after his death, partisan politicians are moving in on education as never before. Headed by Oscar R. Ewing, federal security administrator, they are creating a pattern in which our schools could be surrendered to the spoils system of party politics.

I know, because I was commissioner of education for 14 years. I resigned in 1948, thus relieving myself of the pressures. But there is much more at stake than any one man's peace of mind.

For years, the post I held was kept quite clear of politics. And it usually was free to carry out its mission: to "promote the cause of education throughout the country."

The Office of Education was a bureau in the Department of the Interior. Harold Ickes never asked me what my political affiliation was. As far as I know, he never asked

anyone. Ickes did ask me, "Have you ever been active in party politics?"

I told him that I had not been. I said I had always believed a public-school administrator should not actively pursue the cause of only one part of the population.

"I think you are exactly right," he said.

Then one day I went to see the President. I had heard of a report recommending a Department of Welfare, to which the Office of Education was to be transferred.

"Why," I asked Roosevelt, "should education be in a Department of Welfare?"

His answer was forthright: "I don't think education belongs in any department."

Later, as the 1936 presidential campaign began to warm up, Roosevelt's feelings were again confirmed. A friend told me of a meeting at the White House to line up campaign speakers. Somebody suggested, "How about the commissioner of education?"

The President spoke up immediately and firmly. "Oh, no. He stays out of politics. It's no place for him."

And until Roosevelt died, the Office of Education generally was left alone. Instead of a Department of Welfare, the administration set up the Federal Security agency. It was to be a sort of holding company, to which the office was transferred along with various other bureaus. These included the Public Health service, the Social Security board, the Children's bureau, and the Food and Drug administration. But nothing happened until the war. Then emergency regulations required our office to clear releases with the Office of War Information. We complied willingly. But we assumed that such controls would end with the war. They did not. And Roosevelt died.

Today the Office of Education has lost its free hand. Nothing is allowed to come out of the office—no speech, bulletin, nor even a technical educational publication—without approval of political higher-ups in the agency.

And Oscar Ewing, head of the Federal Security agency, has tried twice to have the agency converted into a new Department of Welfare, with cabinet status. The Office of Education, if that should happen, would be lumped together with other vast agencies in an even more ironclad federal pyramid.

The portents are ominous. Funds

for education would be subject to political whim. They would be administered, not through an independent, technical agency, but through a division of a department loaded at the top with persons with much more than school welfare on their minds.

Picture a secretary of welfare with billions of federal funds to spend for state schools. He could "streamline" funds needed in the Office of Education into a super-budget for his department. He would have a most effective persuader to bring the various states into line, according to the notions of his political party.

States would want their full share of federal aid. Would they continue to administer educational affairs through nonpolitical state authorities? Or, would they follow federal example and lump education with health and welfare under one political appointee?

If they do mix education with politics, watch out for what will happen to the school board in your town. In its place, there may come a politically appointed director of welfare to run the schools along with health and welfare and parcel out school funds from one source.

The welfare director would see to it that "his" schools—like the rest of "his" institutions—won the approval of the state and federal officials parceling out the money. He would be a remarkable man if he didn't.

A teacher has no right in the U. S.

to exercise thought control over his pupils in favor of his side of a political controversy. Yet if a teacher owes allegiance to a cog in a political machine, the teacher will certainly preach the party line. Our freedom would have about as much chance to survive as an honest basketball team has to win when the referee has made a bet on their opponents.

The trend is already evident. It moved rapidly after Ewing took over the Federal Security agency as administrator.

Members of his staff began telling us what we should and should not say. They were interested particularly in a project we were developing called "Teaching Zeal for American Democracy." Congress had set it up as a program of "education for democracy and against communism."

One of our men prepared a speech on the evil nature of communism. He was to deliver it before a group of high-school principals in Massachusetts. He ran into so much trouble getting it approved that he finally cast it aside and improvised off the record.

I spoke at the University of California, saying that no communist was fit to teach the American way of life in any school. I forgot to get my speech cleared. A California senator had the speech printed in the *Congressional Record*, and I asked for enough reprints, at a cost of about \$250, to supply schools and

colleges. The requisition was held up for days. A member of the administrator's staff argued that I should not have said what I did because of the "bad reaction" it would have—whatever that meant.

Ewing denies any intention or desire to control educational policy. Nevertheless, he has moved to exercise control as effectively and as fast as seemed politically wise.

This is not a personal quarrel. The issue is the danger of having anybody seize political power over education. Republican partisans, though they're not now in power, could be equally dangerous. In New York state, in fact, a move to mix education and politics was proposed by Republicans. For years, the state's educational policy has been in the hands of a state board of regents. The board has 13 members elected by the legislature. A Republican legislator offered a bill to add seven members to be appointed by the governor. As a sop to the nonpartisan tradition, the bill specified that not more than two thirds of the members could belong to any one party. But that is enough for partisan control.

In other states, however, there have been heartening moves. Some have passed laws under which the members of state boards of education are elected by the local boards at district conventions. Others have provided for popular elections.

Utah adopted the former plan several years ago. Washington recently



inaugurated it. Within the last year, Texas abandoned the governor-appointed board for a board with 21 members elected by the voters. Other states are planning similar moves.

The same policy must now be applied at the federal level to safeguard education. There should be an independent, nonpartisan, nonpaid, national board to supervise the U.S. Office of Education. The U.S. commissioner would be responsible only to the board, just as

a local school superintendent is to his board of education.

Some such system is urgently needed before Washington's political grip on our school squeezes tighter.

We still have in most places a splendid system at the grass roots to keep education nonpartisan. Why not carry it to the top? If we don't, the poison of politics can mean the end of one of our most priceless institutions, the independent school.



## The Open Door

*My* father's illness came suddenly and with drastic severity. The morning they took him to the operating room seems now like a nightmare. All I could do was to pray blindly, "Oh God, please don't let him die." But I received no consolation.

After father was out of danger, and I could visit frequently, I watched a woman waiting while her husband underwent a serious operation. His case was hopeless. I knew the pain that was gnawing at her heart. Her ordeal was worse than mine had been.

To my astonishment, instead of weeping bitterly, she sat there with

a rosary in her hands. I shall never forget her look of serene peace. It was plain that she was completely resigned to God's will. Occasionally she would stop to question someone in her family, and then her eyes would show her suffering. But returning to her prayers, the same look of peace would settle on her features.

As I watched, the conviction grew that I must learn the basis of her faith. I must learn to face sorrow and adversity as bravely and confidently. If the Rosary meant so much to her, it might to me. The result: I turned to the Catholic faith, and, eventually, so did my family. Mrs. Kenneth Wilcox.

*For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.*

*The "strong man" of the insect world puts his strength to good use*

## The Sexton Beetle: Mortician

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed from the *American Mercury*\*

**E**VERY now and then the corpse of some creature turns up on the highway. The animal has been killed by a car. But such occasional dead squirrels, skunks, woodchucks, robins, are only a handful. Our earth teems with animals. All animals must die, some time. But we scarcely ever find any animal bodies. Why?

Partly, the answer is that few creatures of this earth except ourselves die "natural" deaths. Rabbits don't often get to be gray-muzzled grandfathers, drowning away at last into a gentle final sleep. They have their spines cracked by a fox when they are six months old; or hawk talons seize them and they are carried off; or they are killed by dogs or guns or weasels. Birds lose their way in bad weather and smash into obstacles. They miscalculate their strength on migration, and plummet exhausted into the sea. An old squirrel is a rarity, and so is an old animal of almost any other kind except the largest and best-defended.

Still, violence doesn't kill all creatures. A very few, at least, must die of old age. Then there is disease. Wild creatures get many diseases,

fevers, virus infections, infestation by fatal parasites, intestinal inflammations like our appendicitis, malaria, typhoid. A book of animal diseases is as big as a treatise on our own disorders. Animals can die "in their tracks" as we sometimes do. Where are the furred and feathered bodies that we might expect to find when we go exploring outdoors?

A major answer lies in the nocturnal activities of the *Necrophorus*. It is a black and yellow-orange beetle, smaller than a finger joint. Its role is plain enough from its name. It is the bearer of the dead. Naturalists use many colloquial names to describe this scuttling little animal that performs its tremendous offices in the darkness of the night. Most shortly and aptly, it is called the sexton.

Suppose, now, that a rabbit has gone blundering and crashing into the wire netting around our garden and has broken its neck. The small body twitches briefly and lies still. We notice it, perhaps, when we are out mulching the roses in the afternoon. We think: tomorrow I must bury that poor beast. Tomorrow comes, and we go out, but there is

no rabbit. Perhaps a fox or coon has found it and lugged it away? Perhaps; but not likely. The chances are that the rabbit is still near our garden. But between sundown and sunup, it has been buried. The sextons have been at work.

In the darkness, there is a whirry little clatter of beetle wings. Beside the rabbit's corpse alights a small beetle with powerful black legs. It comes to earth a few inches from the dead body, and waggles its antennae inquiringly to catch more precisely the smell of death that has brought it to this place.

The sexton scurries closer to the body. It examines the corpse, touching it lightly here, there, with its feelers, pitter-patter, pitter-patter, as in a quick gesture of "running its fingers" over the body. What it is determining, we don't know. Clearly, however, it is making tests of one sort and another. Presently the sexton backs off a little. It knows what it must know. It approaches the corpse again, and wedges its dome-backed body under one side of it. It scrabbles at the earth to roughen it and clear away a little patch. Then, in an adroit gesture, the sexton flips over on its back.

Farther, farther, lying on its back, the sexton works itself under the dead body. Everyone who has practiced at all with weights, or who has watched strong men going through their prodigious feats, must know what tremendous weights can be supported by leg muscles when

a man is lying on his back. We have two legs. The sexton beetle has six. As the sexton lies on its back, pushing upward with all its might with these six stout black legs, it shows a power almost unbelievable. The body of the rabbit begins to jiggle and rock. Farther, farther, the little sexton works its way under the rabbit, sliding on its curved, polished back, holding the rabbit aloft by leg-power. Finally the sexton is directly underneath the body. He is supporting the whole weight of it. He is at dead center. In a mighty pedaling motion, with all six legs, the sexton sends the rabbit's body lurching half an inch toward the edge of the garden bed. As the body drops to settle again, the sexton scoots out from under it, slips over right side up again, and rests briefly, contemplating what it has done.

The sexton is moving the corpse toward softer soil, which it has selected as a better burial spot. He may need to move it ten feet. He can do it, too. For the strength and energy of the sexton are prodigious. It will work, hardly halting, all night long. And he is pretty certain to obtain, any moment now, a helper. Another little whirry clatter of beetle wings sounds in the darkness. A small form drops to earth beside the rabbit. A female sexton has arrived.

There is no courtship between the insects, unless their immediate joining together in the work of burial can be called such. Their teamwork is perfect. When the male pushes,

now, the female runs to the other side of the rabbit, and pulls. When the male is under the body, supporting the cadaver on his legs and pedaling it forward, the female is at the rabbit's head, scrabbling frantically to clear away twigs and pebbles. When a rootlet or grass blade gets in the way, one of the sextons hurries to chew it through. Inch by inch, the body of the dead rabbit is juggled forward. In an hour, two hours, five hours, it is brought to the selected site for burial.

The sextons whisk underneath. They dig. Down, down, the rabbit sinks, in a slow, jiggly descent into its grave. Now only an inch or two of it is still visible above the sandy ground. Now even that has disappeared. Now there is no rabbit at all, but only a heaving and rippling of the earth to let a watcher know that the sextons are still at their dark work, down underneath the interred body.

When the corpse lies several inch-

es deep, the sextons pluck away its fur and groom it and work it into a ball. They dig a side tunnel out into the earth from the burial chamber, and there the female lays eggs. The fantastic preparations for the next generation of sexton beetles are now completed.

Most insects do very little looking after their young. In fact, most do not tend the young insects at all. But sexton beetles do. While they wait for the eggs to hatch, they feed on the rabbit's body. Then, when their yellow grubs hatch out, they feed them.

The thoughtful parents take mouthfuls of the decayed rabbit flesh, and then regurgitate it, partly predigested, for the babies. They keep up this feeding until the grubs have finished their moltings and have become ready to pupate and transform into adult sexton beetles. The adult sextons then tunnel up from their fetid tomb, and take to the air again.

### *Sign Language*

THE high-school tennis courts backed up to the grounds of the rectory of a church. Occasionally, exuberant youngsters whammed a tennis ball over the fence onto the trim lawns of the rectory. The courts had been in use only a few weeks when a player chasing after a stray ball came face to face with a large sign on the rectory grounds: "No trespassing."

The "No trespassing" sign came down overnight, however, after the tennis club erected its own sign directly opposite. The sign read: "Forgive us our trespasses."

Jacqueline Lee in the *Saturday Evening Post* (11 Aug. '50).

# While the Germans Ruled Rome

By CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

Condensed from a book\*

FROM Sept. 9, 1943, till June 5, 1944, half the population of Rome was hiding the other half. Nearly every family had a friend or relative wanted by the Germans. Thousands of people were sheltered in seminaries, convents, and monasteries.

One of the men who won the gratitude of hundreds of Allied soldiers was Msgr. Hugh O'Flaherty. He was a tall, 220-pound athletic Irishman in his early 50's. O'Flaherty used to drop in before the war at the Acqua Santa golf club in Rome. Gifted with a natural swing, he could easily play the beautiful rolling course in par. He is still doing it today.

A few weeks after the war started, the Vatican set up an information bureau to find and help missing or captured soldiers. O'Flaherty was one of the English-speaking priests assigned to visit prisoners settled near Abruzzi, in central Italy. He got their names, lent them material and spiritual help, and reported his findings to the bureau. Several times a day the Vatican radio broadcast the names of prisoners in Italy. Thousands of families

learned where their relatives were by listening to the Vatican transmissions.

Broad-minded and with a keen sense of humor, O'Flaherty was very popular among the British prisoners of war. When Mussolini fell, in July, 1943, British prisoners broke camp. It was a hot month and they were scantily clad. Each had a pair of shorts and a shirt, at most. Many were easily recognized and caught by the Germans a few days or weeks later. But others hid in the mountains and gradually made their way to Rome.

The first person they turned to for help was O'Flaherty. They would ask sympathetic Italians to find out where he lived. Then they would send him messages. O'Flaherty soon found himself in a dangerous situation, with several starving British soldiers on his hands. He had no money with which to clothe and feed them. One of his friends was Prince Filippo Doria Pamphilj, a well-known aristocrat who had defied the fascist regime for years. It was Doria who, on the first anniversary of Italy's conquest of Ethiopia, refused to hang the

\*Copyright, 1950, by Camille M. Cianfarra. From the book *The Vatican and the Kremlin*, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City 10. 250 pp. \$3. 55

Italian flag from the balcony of his beautiful 17th-century palace. Mussolini finally had him interned in a village in southern Italy. Doria returned after the liberation to become the first postwar mayor of Rome.

O'Flaherty got word to him and explained the situation. The Italian prince promptly donated 150,000 lire, which at that time came to \$7,500. First, O'Flaherty rented three apartments in different sections of Rome. Then he rounded up 16 Britons who had been hiding in farmhouses, under bridges, in caves, and in the homes of anti-fascist Italians, and smuggled them in. One of the apartments had 12 rooms, and another six. He divided his charges between the two hide-outs. He kept the third apartment for "transients," as he called them.

The war on the southern front reached a stalemate. The Germans captured more and more Allied soldiers. A greater number of Allied soldiers escaped. Some were pilots who had bailed out from planes disabled beyond the lines. Those men roamed about the countryside. They slept in barns; or, if they were lucky, in some hospitable peasant's house. The fields of the Roman *campagna* were now sweet with clover. A mist rose early in the morning and melted in the bright air. Winter was coming, and with it freezing nights, early darkness, and loneliness. Many soldiers sought shelter in the city.

O'Flaherty paid a flat daily rate of 100 lire (then \$5) per prisoner, exclusive of food, to Italian families willing to take the "guests" he had to offer. His friends at the golf club proved very valuable. Most of them were wealthy, and they gave freely. By mid-December O'Flaherty was the underground manager of 50 apartments. He had crammed into them several hundred Allied soldiers, among whom was a liberal sprinkling of Jews, De Gaullists, and Yugoslavs.

The job got too big for one man to handle. O'Flaherty took on some assistants: two Maltese and one young Irish priest, who acted as his messengers. They brought the soldiers books and playing cards, bought and distributed food, paid the rent, and tried to keep the cooped-up GI's and Tommies quiet. Two Jewish girls born in Yugoslavia, who were in a Vichy French internment camp when Mussolini fell, crossed the Italian border and came to Rome. O'Flaherty found a place for them, too. And when the number of his protégés grew to hundreds, the girls helped to cook for them. There was plenty of food. A peasant who owned a farm near Rome had been sent to him by two escaped Allied soldiers. He told O'Flaherty that he would supply him with food if he took the two soldiers off his hands. O'Flaherty did, and the peasant kept his end of the bargain. He supplied eggs, cheese, milk, ham, young lambs,



which he brought to Rome carefully hidden under cartloads of innocent-looking hay.

Strong healthy boys get on each other's nerves when they are confined in a dingy apartment with nothing to do. Some of O'Flaherty's guests couldn't stand it any longer, sneaked out, and were caught. The monsignor still shudders when he recounts the story of the young British soldier. One night in January, 1944, the soldier staggered roaring drunk into Piazza Venezia. He paused under the balcony where once Mussolini used to deliver speeches that everybody took seriously, and sang *It's a Long Way to Tipperary* in a very loud if not a very good tenor. He was grabbed by two fascist republican policemen, taken to headquarters, and asked in a friendly manner where he lived.

"I don't recall the name of the street," said the Tommy. "I know the phone number of the house, though."

"Why don't you call up?" an official suggested.

"Sure," agreed the soldier, and dialed the number. The landlady's daughter answered.

"Hello, John. Where are you calling from?"

"Me? Why, from police headquarters...."

The girl hung up. She and her mother cleared out of the apartment in five minutes, barely one jump ahead of the police. But that meant that one apartment was lost to the

"cause." The men needed disciplining. O'Flaherty looked around for a senior officer who would place the men under army regulations. He found British Maj. Samuel Derry, who was hiding in a town near Rome. Derry notified all and sundry that future offenders would face court-martial after liberation day. Things got a little better after that, but not much.

There was the dark-haired Englishman, for instance, who looked like an Italian and spoke German fairly well. O'Flaherty dressed him in priest's garb and let him loose. The "priest" would sometimes act as a guide for German officers who wanted to visit the churches, and even had himself photographed with them. But one day, while he was in a bus, he absent-mindedly pulled out a cigarette, and, not so absent-mindedly, made eyes at the girls—and was caught by some indignant German soldiers.

At Christmas time two British officers, after roving about the countryside for months, arrived in Rome. They were Capt. John Furnam of London, and Lieut. Bill Simpson of Glasgow. O'Flaherty appointed them billet and supply officers respectively. Simpson helped to distribute the food, and Furnam found rooms for the men. They both spoke fluent Italian, and really enjoyed themselves. Simpson one night took a seat at the opera in a box next to the one where Marshal Kesselring sat watching the per-

formance. At one point he leaned over and asked the marshal to autograph a program for him. The flattered German obliged. Furnam was arrested in January and put on a train bound for Germany. His socks and shoes were removed because he had refused to give his word of honor that he would not try to escape. He jumped off the train in Padua, bought a bicycle and shoes with some money he had concealed in the cuffs of his pants, and pedaled 300 miles back to Rome, where he resumed his job.

Occasionally some of the men fell sick, and O'Flaherty hired a Yugoslav doctor to take care of them. A more serious problem arose when a British officer developed peritonitis. The only way to save his life was to operate. O'Flaherty went to see two friends of his in the Italian military hospital of Monte Celio and made some arrangements. That same evening an automobile bearing a diplomatic license plate halted at the gates of the hospital. The two German sentries waved it on. Attendants brought out a stretcher, placed the patient on it, and carried him to the operating room. Two hours later, the patient was taken back to the car and to the safety of

one of the clandestine apartments.

Both the German SS and the Italian police soon became aware of O'Flaherty's activities and tried several times to nab him, but they never succeeded. The monsignor knew Rome too well, and had too many friends willing to help him against the Germans. One day, however, they almost had him. Two German policemen followed him to the house of an Italian family which was hiding some Allied soldiers, and waited for him at the street door. O'Flaherty was tipped off that he would be arrested as soon as he left the building. With the help of his friends he found some old workman's clothes, put them on, smeared his face and hands with coal dust, heaved a hefty canvas sack filled with wood on his broad shoulders, and calmly walked out of the building before the eyes of the unsuspecting nazis.

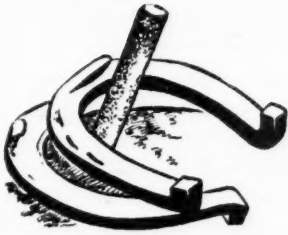
Outside his room, which was in an extraterritorial building, O'Flaherty had a sturdy rope fastened to a hook on the window sill, ready to go out by the window if the police came in by the door. He never had to use the rope. His organization disbanded overnight when the Allies entered Rome.

### *Eager Beaver*

**A** REPORT considered true in Munich beer halls has it that a thief broke into the chief propaganda office in the Soviet Zone of Germany and made off with the complete results of next year's elections.

*New York Times Magazine* (19 Nov. '50).

*Caesar's soldiers invented a game that  
people still like to play*



## 2000 Years of Horseshoe Pitching

By C. J. PAPARA

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal*\*

**H**ORSESHOE PITCHING started when Julius Caesar and his Roman GI's were raising hob with European boundaries. Discus throwing was popular at that time, too. But the discus was made to order and was, therefore, quite costly. Athletes among Caesar's troops had to settle for old horseshoes. With much effort, they could close the ends, making a crude discus that was better than nothing.

However, closing an open shoe often proved too strenuous. Many discus lovers began flipping the shoes as they were. In time, accuracy, instead of distance, became the object of the game. The soldiers set up stakes for targets, and horseshoe tossing was born.

The sport spread to nation after nation in the wake of Caesar's invasions. The game caught on in most of Europe at the start, and is still popular there today.

The pioneers of the sport were not as spectacular with the shoes as are their modern counterparts.

The shoes then were heavy and unwieldy, lacking the trim, streamlined shape of the present shoe. Today, the rules set a weight limit of two and one half pounds. Shoes tossed 20 centuries ago were perhaps twice that heavy.

The Romans threw the shoes 50 to 60 feet, according to the best available records. The standard horseshoe court today is 50 feet long and ten feet wide, although the pitching distance is only 40 feet for men and 30 feet for women.

Perhaps the Joe DiMaggio of shoe pitching is Frank Jackson, a top-notch for more than 25 years. Jackson, an Iowa farmer, won the first international horseshoe contest, held in 1909, and he kept on winning until he retired in 1935.

Two other greats revolutionized the game from a haphazard bit of throwing to skilled sharpshooting. Their contributions were to shoe pitching what the introduction of the forward pass was to football. They spurred new interest in the

\*141 E. 65th St. New York City, 21.

sport and brought it to a point where much greater skill was required.

The first major discovery came in 1909. Several winter residents were having a match in St. Petersburg, Fla. Frank Elliott, a Rochester, N. Y., man was digging shoes out of the sand around a stake. "Say," he said to Dr. F. M. Robinson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "every one of your shoes comes at the stake fork end to. How do you do that?"

"I'm not too sure myself," the physician replied. "Let's see." He threw a shoe, then another and another. His friends noticed that he held his forefinger around the calk end and that the shoe turned one-and-three-quarters times before it landed open end toward the stake.

That was the start of open-shoe pitching and of the one-and-three-quarter turn, still the most popular throw. Robinson's discovery caused a sensation among followers of the sport, and it brought about the first efforts to inject skill into the competitions.

The other man to help advance the game was George May, an Akron, Ohio, fireman who developed a scientific one-and-one-quarter turn throw. May aimed at becoming an expert in ringers. By experimenting with various grips on the shoe, he learned to regulate the revolutions of the shoe in the air. He was soon ringing the stake with amazing regularity.

May entered the national tourna-

ment in 1920 as a dark horse, and gave onlookers the most astonishing exhibition seen up to that time. He won 24 games in a row and the title with it. During the contests he threw 430 ringers!

The best tournament ringer percentage ever recorded was by Guy Zimmerman of Oakland, Calif. In the 1940 national he posted an .891 mark. Zimmerman also set a world's record during the national tournament in Milwaukee in 1948. He flung 44 ringers in 44 shots, the best single game ever recorded.

Women have their own tournaments every year. One champion is Miss Caroline Schultz, of Hastings, Ill., who once tossed 211 ringers in 286 throws. Another is Mrs. Esther James, of Hastings, Mich., who scored 86 ringers and made 260 points qualifying in 1935.

Horseshoe pitching is a simple game that is governed by few rules. Anyone, with some practice, can develop fair accuracy. But to be a star performer, the thrower must have an excellent eye for distance, fine coordination, perfect rhythm, and no nerves.

A contest is 50 points, and only shoes within six inches of the stake score. A ringer is worth three points and two ringers count six. One ringer and closest shoe scores four points; two ringers to one for the opponent counts three. If each player has one ringer or each has two, neither player scores.

Jimmy Risk, national trick shot

horseshoe pitching champion, became interested in the shoes when he was 12 years old. The 40-year-old man can do things with a horseshoe that Daniel Boone couldn't perform with a squirrel gun. Risk performs at rodeos and fairs across the country. He can light a tiny bundle of

matches placed against a stake and snuff out the fire in one toss. Some of his other tricks include throwing ringers at pegs obscured by blankets, knocking a coin off a ball of mud set on top of a stake and then toppling the mud on the next attempt.

### *Not in the School*

**F**AR too common is the error of those who with dangerous assurance and under an ugly term propagate a so-called sex education, falsely imagining they can forearm youths against the dangers of sensuality by means purely natural. . . .

Such persons grievously err in refusing to recognize the inborn weakness of human nature, and the law of which the Apostle speaks, fighting against the law of the mind; and also in ignoring the experience of facts, from which it is clear that, particularly in young people, evil practices are the effect not so much of ignorance of intellect as of weakness of a will exposed to dangerous occasions, unsupported by the means of grace.

In this extremely delicate matter, if, all things considered, some private instruction is found necessary and opportune, from those who hold from God the commission to teach and who have the grace of state, every precaution must be taken.

From the encyclical *Christian Education of Youth* by Pius XI (31 Dec. '29).

### *But in the Home*

**W**E protest in strongest possible terms against the introduction of sex education into the schools. To be of benefit, such instruction must be broader than imparting information, and must be given individually.

Sex is more than a biological function. It is bound up with the sacredness and uniqueness of the human personality. It can be fully and properly appreciated only within a religious and moral context.

If treated otherwise, the child will see it apart from the controlling purpose of his life, which is to serve God.

False modesty should not deter [parents]. Sex is one of God's endowments. It should not be ignored, or treated as something bad. If sex education is properly carried on in the home, a deep reverence will be developed in the child. He will be spared the shameful inference which he often makes when he is left to himself to find out about sex.

From the statement by the bishops of the U. S. issued through the NCWC administrative board (18 Nov. '50).

*To begin with it was a place with power, water, a railroad  
and few enough people*



## Atom-Bomb Town

By MURRAY MORGAN

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**B**ELOW Priest Rapids in the state of Washington the land bordering the Columbia has an out-of-this-world feel. For more than 30 miles the river flows beneath the shining White Bluffs, which tower 100 to 600 feet above the green water. The land is level and barren, gray and pungent with sagebrush, cold in winter, hot in summer.

Where there is water, this desert blooms. The Hanford ditch was for years the most important thing between Priest Rapids and Pasco. The ditch carried water to a cluster of hamlets, the largest of which was Hanford. About 200 people lived there before the war. Twice a week a freight came in on the spur from the main line of the Milwaukee Road.

In December, 1942, visitors began

to arrive. Most of them were Army officers: high brass, generals and colonels. There was a lot of talk in Hanford after that. But, of course, nobody came close to the correct answer to the Army's interest. Who could guess that there would grow at Hanford a tar-paper metropolis of 57,000 people? Or that there would be harnessed the basic power of the universe?

Yet that was what happened. In 1939, scientists working on nuclear fission realized, aghast, that an atom bomb was not only possible but inevitable. Most of those men were refugees from Europe. They saw the military use of atomic fission. They talked over their discoveries. Then they sent a committee to the Army and Navy. The Army didn't show any interest; the Navy asked only to be kept informed.

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This brush-off scared the scientists silly. They went to the commander-in-chief. In July, 1939, Albert Einstein wrote a letter to President Roosevelt which said, "Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. This new phenomenon would lead to the construction of extremely powerful bombs."

Roosevelt appointed a three-man committee (one civilian, one Navy ordnance, one Army ordnance). Seven months later the committee called for action. A whole \$6,000 was given to Columbia university to buy materials to carry on experiments in atomic fission. By November, another \$300,000 had been allocated to half a dozen research institutions.

In 1940, the Germans overran Norway and commandeered the heavy-water plant there, a sure sign they were working on atomic energy. Word leaked out of Berlin that a whole section of the Kaiser Wilhelm institution was experimenting with uranium. British experiments corroborated American research. After a visit in England, American scientists came home expecting that the bomb would be discovered soon. Their sense of urgency finally made itself felt in Washington.

By August, 1941, the experiments with uranium and plutonium had

gone far enough to call for pilot plants. The plants would have to be placed where there was plenty of power and water. The first site chosen was at Clinton, Tenn., where the government could cash in on the TVA. But the scientists weren't sure what plutonium would do when stored in piles. It might poison the air. It would certainly poison the water run through the piles to keep them cool. What was needed was a place without people, but with water, power, and a railroad. That was Hanford.

The civilian scientists had worked out the details. Now the Army engineers were called in to build the plants. The code-name Manhattan District was given top priority in getting material.

In February, 1943, there was something new to talk about in Hanford. That month the Army went into federal court and started condemnation proceedings against about 200,000 acres in and around the town. (Later the total swelled to 440,000 acres, 631 square miles. Rhode Island has a gross area of 1,248 square miles.) Everyone had to move and no one knew why.

The government had assigned the du Pont Co. to build the plutonium plants. When the farmers heard the name of a commercial company, they suspected a dirty deal.

A congressman came closer than anyone else to letting the plutonium cat out of the security bag. He

was speaking for money for Bonneville.

He said to his colleagues: "By the time this estimate reaches the Senate, the so-called mystery load will go into operation at Bonneville. I have designated it 'mystery load,' as military secrecy prohibits any detailed discussion. I think I can say with propriety that it represents a new weapon of warfare, developed by new manufacturing processes, that will turn large volumes of electricity into the most important projectile yet developed. Purposely, so I understand, all reference to this load was deleted from the previous hearings. From my own knowledge I estimate that it will consume more power than presently used in the environs of Portland, representing a population of around half a million."

We can see now that this was quite an admission. But at the time it didn't give the Hanford labor force much of a clue to what it was doing. In all, 137,000 men and women worked on the project at one time or another, but only 100 or so knew what was going on. Few of these knew all the details. Trusted engineers worked from blueprints on which all but a tiny area was concealed.

The workers threw together towns, roads, and factories. They laid out 345 miles of highway. Some of the buildings were large enough to hold seven football fields, end to end.

In July, 1944, when work was at its peak, 51,000 workers lived in Hanford. Thousands of others came in daily from Richland, Pasco, and Kennewick, from every hamlet and village within a radius of 60 miles, from tents, trailers, and deserted farmhouses, even from caves and lean-to's. They traveled in caravans, sometimes 140 buses long. All rides were free.

Partly because the engineers were calling workers from all over and didn't have time for the problem, and partly because some of the Army brass think that way, Hanford was rotten with Jim Crow.

There were eight huge mess halls at Hanford. The project workers went through 2 million pounds of chicken while shortening the war. Twenty-five million meals were served, and the people bought \$25 million worth of war bonds. They also slipped 6,680,000 nickels into pinball machines. And they hit the jackpot.

When the bomb went off over Hiroshima, and the President told the world what had been made on the banks of the Columbia and the Tennessee, some of the people at Hanford sighed with the joy of accomplishment. Others shuddered. Some of them left right then, in fear of the Geiger count. Others were dismissed as new building tapered off.

Exactly what goes on in the great factories beside the green river? Those who know the details keep

quiet. But the theory is not secret.

To oversimplify greatly, let us start with uranium, a fairly common element usually found in pitchblende. It is a steel-gray metal, in some ways resembling nickel and rather harder than wrought iron. Once it was used to harden steel; probably never again. Uranium is, of course, radioactive. Its isotope, U235, is capable of "continuous fission," which is a scientific way of saying that if enough of it is put together there's going to be an awful bang.

By 1942, physicists were sure of that. The question was how to get enough uranium in one place to test the theory without also blowing up the works. The answer was the lattice pile.

The lattice pile is a stack of graphite bricks arranged with openings between some of the bricks. Uranium is put into the openings. The neutrons whirling off from the uranium pass through the graphite and are slowed down. Moving more slowly, the neutrons yield to the pull of other atom cores and collide with them, splitting them. Presently the graphite produces enough slow neutrons to set up an automatic chain of explosions of uranium-235 atoms. The explosions will keep going as long as there is enough uranium in the oven. One product of this process is plutonium.

The physicists found, fortunately, that if bars of cadmium are in-

serted in the pile, the radiations of the different uranium slugs can be shielded from each other. This was done in the first test pile, in Chicago. It was a happy discovery. Otherwise, since the "critical point" proved to be lower than expected, Chicago might have been a premature Hiroshima.

The experiments with the Chicago lattice pile showed that a chain reaction could be set off. Physicists knew that it could be used for rapid release of energy, as in the bomb; or in slower release, for useful work. The physicists learned, too, that plutonium, which is more explosive than U235, could be made from common uranium in the pile.

The factories at Hanford are basically large-scale lattice piles of graphite. In these piles uranium is made into plutonium. The size of the piles is secret, but it is certain they are huge. They are no longer truly piles. The graphite was molded into an almost continuous mass, in which, at microscopically correct intervals, are slots. Slugs of uranium are slipped into the slots.

Essentially, this Swiss cheese arrangement is all there is to an atomic oven. There are control instruments, and reflectors for radiation. But the graphite mass is the main thing. The atomic fires have no flames and make no smoke. They emit intense heat and five kinds of atomic rays. Pipes are imbedded in the graphite, and a continuous stream of cold water from

the Columbia is pumped through.

Each slug of uranium put into the ovens contains a small percentage of plutonium. How much is a secret. One official has said that two pounds to a ton would not be a bad guess. After the uranium is heated in the ovens, it is carried in a stream of water to great cooling vats set deep in the desert. There the plutonium is separated from the uranium. Not all the plutonium can be boiled out of a slug at one heating. If the uranium were kept in the oven too long there would be many other products of fission. The uranium must make several trips to the lattice pile.

The water used in cooling the graphite and carrying the uranium to the vats gets hot, in both the traditional and the atomic sense. If it were diverted back into the river immediately, the Columbia would be several degrees warmer; the impurities in the water would become radioactive. The water must be stored for a time before being put back into the parent stream.

The process involves radiation in previously undreamed-of amounts. Radiation can be dangerous. That is why Hanford was chosen in the first place. There was nobody near by to be injured. Nobody but the people who run the plant. They are protected. Their armor ranges from 12-foot walls of lead and concrete to delicate instruments, and regular blood counts to see what is happening to their white corpuscles.

When plutonium began to percolate at Hanford, everybody moved out of the construction town. Six thousand people were all the government needed to run the plant. They and their families live at Richland, 25 miles to the south.

Nestled in the Y formed by the Columbia and the east-flowing Yakima river, Richland was just another farming hamlet before the war. Now it is a city of more than 20,000 people, and it is expanding toward a planned population of 25,000. Richland is almost unique in American experience: the country's greatest experiment with scientific city planning.

Oddly enough, this experiment with neo-socialism is being run by the General Electric Co., which in 1946 took over Hanford from du Pont. GE runs the plutonium works for the government for \$1 a year, plus cost. GE's profit is in atomic know-how.

If you move to Richland, you lose your right to vote on matters of local policy. The town has no mayor, council, nor elective officials. It is run by a community manager appointed by GE. In Richland you can't own your own home; you can't even paint the house you rent.

Now all this, no ownership of real estate, limited opportunity for free private enterprise, no right to quit the factory and go into the plutonium business for yourself, is decidedly outside the American tradition. Living in Richland has been

compared to being in the Army. But there are compensations.

Everybody has a job. The average family income is believed to be the highest of any town in the U.S., more than \$4,000. When you visit Richland you walk down wide streets flanked with young trees. The houses fall into a few basic patterns, yet they are varied enough to offer some contrast. Most of the buildings are frame; some are of concrete blocks. There are some apartment houses and a few duplexes, but most places were built for one family.

If you work at Richland you can, when your name gets to the top of the priority list, rent a one, two, three, or four-bedroom house. Rents range from \$27.50 for one-bedroom pre-fabs to \$85 for the four-bedroom houses. Rents include all utilities: electricity (many of the houses have radiant-panel heating), garbage collection, well water for drinking and washing, river water for sprinkling the lawn.

From Richland you ride to work at company expense. Three times a day fleets of busses rush north across the brown, rolling hills to the seven plant areas that lie within the Hanford walls. The nearest point of production is 25 miles north of the town, the farthest 40. The bus trips take from 30 to 50 minutes, each way.

Richland may very well be the best place in the world to bring up kids. The climate is favorable. The

schools are good. There is no juvenile delinquency. The two-cell city jail is without guests. And local residents are making the most of their opportunity. The birth rate at Richland is highest in the nation, which is natural in a city where most people are under 40.

Hanford officials like to boast about the number of babies born. They think Richland's birth rate should bury any fear that working in the atom plant might cause sterility. They delight, too, in the plutonium plant's safety record. Nobody has had any trouble with radiation. Only one fatality has marred the safety record; it stemmed from a truck wreck. At one time the plant went 235 days without an injury. The record was spoiled when a workman let a blister get infected after pinching his finger with a screw driver. He lost a day.

Deprived of civic rights, the people of the atom city make up for it with clubs and culture. There are between 200 and 300 clubs and fraternal organizations. The local library has the highest turnover per book of any in the state. The high school has 40 classrooms full of adults each night. After a summer of sweating out the line to reach the town's prewar swimming pool, local union men built a \$125,000 pool in their spare time. The local singing society, the Richland Meistersingers, has given concerts in Spokane and Seattle.

After the war was over, Richland began to settle down. Population was expected to stay around 15,000. The boom was over. Then in 1947 the Atomic Energy commission decided that the plutonium plant

would be doubled in size. A half-billion-dollar building program was drawn up. The boom began again. It will last till 1953 when the new program will be completed—perhaps then Richland may settle down.

*Television, the newest theater, has the oldest actors of all*

## Marionettes Are Named for Mary

By ARTHUR RICHMOND

Condensed chapter of a book\*

MARIONETTES have enchanted the hearts of kings and queens, rich and poor, sages and fools. They have performed on street corners, in palaces, theaters, churches, in splendid cities and simple villages. They seem to have existed since the beginning of the world.

Marionettes in the Middle Ages were not used as entertainment, but



as figures in religious ceremonies. There is reason to believe that they first appeared in church, like the theater itself. The very name *Marionette* was inspired by little statues of the Virgin Mary. Some were extremely beautiful in design, and people compared them to the

little statues of Mary in their homes. Gradually the name, which means

\*Remo Bufano's Book of Puppetry. Copyright, 1950, and reprinted with permission of the Macmillan Co., New York City. 232 pp. \$3.



*little Mary*, came to mean only a puppet.

But long before this they existed. It is possible that the first marionettes appeared in China. We know they were used in ancient Egypt, Rome, and Greece. The Sanskrit word for stage manager, *sutradhara*, literally means "thread holder."

Dolls are as old as man. It is highly probable that the first marionettes were dolls to which imaginative fathers added movable limbs to amuse their children. Terra-cotta dolls, with movable arms and legs, have been found in ancient tombs all over the world.

Some authorities believe that ancient idols were the first marionettes. Thousands of years ago clever mechanics made huge figures that moved as if by a miracle. Idols could be made to raise and lower their arms, raise and turn their massive heads, and even open and close their eyes.

Movable idols in one form or another were used in many countries. The clever Chinese used quicksilver to effect their movements. Other idols and statues were made to move by counterbalance, clockwork, expansion of metal by heat, or the use of strings and wires. They were so well constructed, and the operators were so accomplished, that the movements were firmly believed to be miraculous.

One description that has come

down to us shows a miniature idol on an altar. A fire was lit on the altar, which contained a small tank of water. When the water got hot enough, the steam was forced through a narrow tube connected with a vase in the idol's hand. The force of the steam tipped the vase, bringing about a "miraculous" libation.

Primitive puppets were patterned after the idols, but the showmen made the actors less god-like. From the start, they were enormously popular. At first they enacted familiar legends. As they acquired more polish and popularity, they parodied current events and living persons, usually their kings and queens, the detested tax collector, or some locally notorious character.

In time, they invaded the cities, and quickly became the favorite amusement of all classes. Puppets became the voice of the people to air current abuses and spread the news.

But marionettes have never been content to stay in one place. There are traces of puppet showmen, with portable booths, in Java, Burma, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, England, Turkey, Japan, Persia, and India. Language was no barrier. The shows were broad enough in motion and familiar enough in story to be perfectly understandable in pantomime.

As the birth of the marionette was in the religious temples, its rebirth was in the church. Henri

Maundrell, a medieval pilgrim who visited the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, tells of an assortment of mechanical figures, representing the various personages in our Lord's crucifixion, that actually performed in detail their parts, from the time when Christ is condemned to the descent from the cross. Astonishing as it may seem, Maundrell claims that such difficult details as the actual nailing to the cross were performed by manikins.

Marionette makers were wary about exhibiting their marvels for fear of being accused of being in league with the devil. Some unfortunates were actually burned, for practicing necromancy and witchcraft.

Authorities gradually relaxed the restrictions, and marionettes became more and more theatrical entertainment. With no newspapers and radio to tell what was going on they proved an ideal medium for propaganda. Where live actors did not dare make fun of the great, the puppets could without fear. Who could take a wooden figure seriously? Certainly not kings and tyrants. And they didn't dare forbid such popular entertainment. Only during the French Revolution did puppet booths lower their curtains. The few brave puppeteers who dared to criticize were imprisoned or forced to play slapstick or legendary stories.

Meanwhile, in England the beloved Punch had been growing in

popularity. Originally he was Polichinelle, the French puppet, who probably came over with William the Conqueror. He started with more bark than bite, but in time assumed a purely British character with endearing imitations of certain classes portrayed as Old Vice, Gluttony, Vanity, and Pride.

Oriental countries had gone their own way developing the art. They made their figures in rare wood, polished ivory, and precious stone, while their greatest poets fashioned the lines and action. The puppet box of the Orient holds many strange, exotic, and lovely surprises. The chief difference is in temperament and point of view. Oriental puppets are gentle, shy, lovely, and rarely play practical jokes. Western puppets tend to be grotesque, satirical, realistic, and very practical.

But all puppets are unmistakably bound together. They differ only in national characteristics. Italy stands first in the number and variety. They are found in every province and they vary in form and size as much as the local dialects themselves. From puppetry in Italy to that in France, Germany, Spain, and England is but a short step. The first marionettes performing religious themes progressed to worldly shows using the same plays as legitimate theaters. Leading dramatists and poets wrote special plays and even became puppeteers.

But progress did not continue. The *guignols*, as the hand puppets

are called, though still known in France, are no longer made by artists, and the performances are generally poor. In other European countries the stylized shows are given exactly as they have been for centuries. The brash American puppet is threatening the ancient European puppet, in Europe itself, in popularity.

With the flood of emigration to America, marionettes came dancing with the people. It is highly probable they existed in the New World before the white man came. Indian dolls, definitely articulated, may have been used in religious ceremonies and tribal dances. Or some ingenious red-skinned father may have amused his little ones by making a doll that could walk, bend, and imitate human motions. Punch and his comrades were among the first to come, but Punch wasn't allowed on street corners here as in England, though his universal humor made an instant hit. The immigrant German puppeteers, to please new audiences, gave exhibitions of quick-moving stunts, tricks and transformation scenes—like changing a pumpkin into a horse and carriage in full view of the audience—all very nice, but a far cry from the lovely and exciting folk tales and legends.

Italian puppeteers were wiser. They set up shop among their own kind, with stories like the famous *Orlando Furioso*, which had been played for centuries without a line or scene being changed. Their audiences expected nothing else and would have loudly objected to any alteration. Most important, there were no language bars to hurdle. The Italian puppet theater looked exactly the same in New York or Chicago as in Palermo. It was intact even to benches, the flamboyant posters, the walls, the audience, the piano player, and the stage itself.

All went along well for a generation or so; then came motion pictures.

But, of course, puppets, like all good troupers, never die. They bided their time, and in bright spots everywhere continued their antics.

Today, mostly because of television, plus the unswerving efforts of the faithful few, the marionette is again coming into his own, and again puppets and their making are a part of children's activities. Here in America we may some day develop a national character worthy to take his place beside such woodenheads as Hanswurst, Casperl, Guignol, Peppenino, Larifari, Pulcinella, Karagheuz, and Punch.

### Heart Beats

A 19-YEAR-OLD girl received the dearest gift of all recently—her diamond. When her wonderful guy presented it, he remarked that it wasn't very large. She replied, "It's as big as we make it."

Capper's Weekly.

*Every career should have a little caviar in it*



# You and Your Job

By BEATRICE VINCENT

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**T**HE greatest mistake a career girl can make, outside of failing to admire her boss's baby's picture, is to take her job too seriously. Because in a very short time she doesn't have a job; the job has her. Before she knows it, she has turned into one of those officious elderly businesswomen like old Miss Fisher, with whom I once worked. No one knew exactly how long Miss Fisher had been with the firm. Rumor had it that they had constructed the building around her neat desk, and she had gone right on typing. The office figured in all her conversations. She lived it all day and took it home with her at night. When she went to dinner with one of her elderly women friends, the office went with her. All the characters in the movie that followed reminded her of personalities in the office. She fluttered like a nervous hen when a new girl was being trained and muttered about disloyalty when an old girl left.

Of course, many women put in

unpaid overtime. Thousands of executive and semi-executive jobs demand ten and even 12 hours every day. There are, in almost every business, rush seasons in which everyone works long hours. It is not the number of hours you work, but what you do after the working day is over that is important.

If your job is nerve-racking, or extremely exciting, it is very easy to keep working at it after you leave the office. That kind of job may coyly snuggle down beside you in the bus, leer at you over the top of your evening paper, or bounce all night on the foot of your bed. The only way to keep it in its place is to build an after-hours personal life so engrossing that there will be no place for your job in it.

Some career girls take another job—part time, of course. If the part-time job is very different from your regular job, and you are in good health, it can be very stimulating.

Collette is pert and gay, an angel of light to her fellow accountants.

\**Make Mine Success*. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 183 pp. \$2.45.

Strangers visiting her department do a double take at the sight of Collette's burnished hair and bright smile glittering over the adding machines. They wonder how she can endure such a dull job.

Collette doesn't endure. She loves her job—both jobs, in fact. Her keen mind revels in good order wherever she finds it. Six o'clock every evening sees her turning up, bright-eyed and happy, at the town's gayest night spot. There she removes the demure white collar she has worn all day, pins a fresh gardenia (provided by the management) to the shoulder of her sleek black dress, and proceeds to take charge of the hats and coats of the guests. She never gives a check, and she never forgets a face. The fact that she has never handed out the wrong hat is recorded in the local gossip columns several times a year. Her humorous little comments on life make grist for their mill, too. And her combined salaries brighten the lives of the boys at the income-tax office.

Volunteer work is a safety valve used successfully by many businesswomen. You might sit down some noon when your job seems too much with you, and list the volunteer activities in your city. Here's a start.

Library work: Making Braille books for the blind. Exacting work, not at all romantic, but good for the soul.

Youth work: Girl Scouts, teen

canteens, etc. Good tough feet and a good loud voice required. A very broad mind about youngsters and their activities is also desirable.

Little-theater work: Acting talent, sewing talent, and, above all, talent for hard manual labor in great demand.

Hospital work: Always something to do here. Telling stories to little nippers in children's wards, reading to invalids, rolling bandages. Lots of handsome young internes gumshoeing about the corridors.

You can probably add to this list 20 other activities in your own community. Choose the one that seems most attractive to you, and *make* yourself do it at least one night a week. Unless you are hopelessly entangled in the web of a deadly dull work-eat-sleep routine, you will find yourself eagerly looking forward to your Monday night at the hospital or your Friday night with the Scouts.

Or you might try improving your mind. Study French or Italian or Spanish or take an evening course in short-story writing, public speaking, music appreciation, ceramics. You will find the business people in your class amazingly interesting.

Hobbies can be fun, and sometimes earn extra money, too. If you'd like a strange hobby, you might emulate my friend Winifred Goodsell, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer's* blithe fashion editor. Winifred raises earthworms. Better-cared-for

earthworms, believe me, never existed. They are cherished and tended. They are protected from the elements and from avid anglers. And their gratitude is overwhelming. They spend their time busily enriching the earth in which they live, and multiplying with praiseworthy rapidity.

Absorbing as a hobby may be, and profitable as an extra job undoubtedly is, the wise careerist leaves time for social life. Entertain frequently, and you will be entertained in return. See the new plays, the new movies. Attend concerts and ball games. Becoming so involved in a hobby that you have no time for social events is just as dangerous as becoming too involved in your job.

The business girl who, through an overdeveloped sense of duty, donates her free time to her firm, is foolish. What is more, she receives no thanks from her boss. He either takes her sacrifice for granted, or he considers her stupid—and sometimes says so.

Once, years ago, I told a group of friends that a certain buyer could not join us for dinner because she had a headache brought on by skipping her lunch. Her general merchandise manager happened to overhear the conversation. He asked why she had missed her lunch. When I explained that she had had too much to do that day, he said coldly, "Then she is a fool. She knows she is supposed to take time

out at noon for lunch and a rest."

Firms do not give you lunch hours, relief periods, or vacations because they love you. You get free time because you are a very delicate piece of human machinery, one that runs down and wears out unless handled most carefully. If your employer wishes you to keep efficient, he must see that you have time off occasionally to restore your used-up tissues. You are not being fair either to yourself or to him if you do not take full advantage of your rest periods.

If you are allowed 15 minutes every afternoon for a cup of coffee, use just 15 minutes. Taking 20 minutes is selfish. In a company where reliefs are staggered, it is positively dishonest. Your extra five minutes are taken off another girl's time. It is a splendid way to make yourself the most hated person in the office.

Take your vacations, to the last day. The office is not going to disintegrate if you run up to Quebec for two weeks in August. In fact, you will discover that the wheels turn just as smoothly without you.

Vacation time should be carefree. It is the one short period during which you should shed responsibility and devote yourself to the delightful task of having a wonderful time. Its value lies in seeing strange places, meeting new people, getting away completely from your workaday world. If it is only rest



you want, hop into bed at 6:30 every night for a week. There is no point in spending \$40 a day at Palm Springs just to sleep your life away.

To take the curse off working all summer in a hot city, try the long-week-end plan. It is a series of 14 beautiful weeks, each containing four working days and three free days. You may meet opposition to this plan from the payroll department, where there is great reverence for the conventional. It is good strategy to start scattering charm and good will around in that quarter well before vacation schedules are made out.

Few jobs in themselves are to blame for fatigue. Of course, you may find yourself in a position that is too big for you to handle. When that happens, go to your boss and tell him frankly that you do not have the strength nor the background required by the job. He will not rise up in wrath and roar. Rather, he will respect your honesty and, unless he is completely unreasonable, work out a solution to the problem. He will give you an assistant, divide the work, or transfer you to another department.

Too many outside activities can cause fatigue. If you spend every night of the week tearing around to club meetings and classes, dances and parties, you'll just run down like an old clock after a while. Enjoy such activities but in moderation. Leave time for sleep and re-

laxation. They are investments in your future.

A special and deadly fatigue grows out of a monotonous job. If you must sit in a dark corner of the office stuffing circulars into envelopes all day every day, you can become almost unbearably tired long before five. This situation should be remedied by the front office. You should be placed in attractive surroundings and your work broken into what job specialists call "short, attainable goals." But if you work for an old-fashioned boss, you may have to find your own solution to the problem. Make the desk where you work as attractive as possible. Ragged blotters, worn erasers, stumpy pencils are depressing. Replace them with shining new ones. Fit a bright chintz pad to your chair. Plant a narcissus bulb in a pretty bowl of colored stones and watch it grow and bloom. Then break your own work down into "short, attainable goals."

With a roll of peppermint wafers in the pocket of your crisply starched smock, resolve to stuff a certain number of envelopes in an hour and allow yourself a wafer as a reward. And don't cheat. If you spend five minutes chatting with Lucy and thus fall behind, the wafer stays in your pocket.

The idea is to break the monotony of the job. The results will be greater efficiency, less fatigue, and a brighter outlook on life.

*They say a prayer never hurt anyone*

# Farewell to Shaw

By FRANK SCULLY

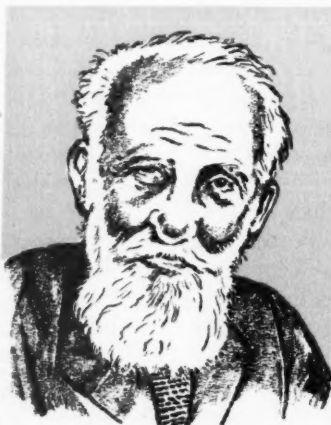
Condensed from *Variety*\*

**T**HE DAY George Bernard Shaw died, Masses for the dead were said all over the world. I saw one old priest say three in a row without a break. Black-bordered slips of paper and envelopes were distributed for those who wanted to write down the names of those whose souls they wished the priest to include in his prayers. I tossed Shaw's into the basket. I wrote down lots of others, of course, but this was the last, because Shaw had just died.

I pray for all sorts on All Souls Day—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, agnostics, atheists, even dead Republicans. There was no heavenly reason for excluding a grand old character actor who thought not only that all the world was a stage but that he should play all the parts.

Like Lincoln, I trail along with all and malice toward none. I've had

my battles with Shaw but they never went more than skin deep. He was a brilliant but bewildered



man. His thoughts and his acts rarely matched. He thought democracy was for second-rate minds but it was the democracies that kept him going till the end. He wanted to die in action and in a reasonably dry ditch. He died in bed, asking for sleep, and the scene stretched out as if a Hollywood di-

rector had had a hand in it. He was surrounded by such people as Lady Astor, whose ideas were as far apart from his as Uncle Joe's from the Vatican's. He used to think that what funerals needed was comedy relief. Granville Barker has told us that on coming home from the funeral of his mother Shaw was in the gayest mood of his life.

He insulted his times and was well paid for it. What more could

\*Copyright, 1950, and reprinted with permission Variety, Inc., 154 West 46th St., New York City. Nov. 8, 1950.

a Socialist want under capitalism? Whether he would have fared much worse under communism I don't know. I rather suspect he would have come out loaded either way. Dictators as well as those who thought they ruled by divine right all seemed to need court jesters.

Less than a month ago when I was in New York the question of what would happen to Shaw's fortune was under discussion. There was a plan afoot to set up a foundation. The idea was that his money would be used in the form of prizes to help authors. Nobel's profits from the manufacture of dynamite are used that way. I was asked if I would act as a trustee in such an enterprise. By the time you read this it may be known whether the Labor government (which his ideas helped bring to power) has left his estate anything to give anybody. He was a frugal man and a vain one. He was annoyed by few things, and one was to be photographed or seen in an old sweater with egg stains on it, a not uncommon occurrence in his last years.

I would have trailed along with his belief that he would live to be a hundred. He had no vice by which men can shorten their lives, and after the surgeons worked on him I thought surely he would get an additional six years of life. But the old life force wasn't there any longer, I suspect.

He certainly knew how to use

people. He considered them as simply extra tools in his trade. He could pour butter over actresses, and once he softened them up his iron hand would show and they would act as he wanted, not as they wanted.

With men, he wasn't quite as successful. They caught him rifling their minds, and some of them slapped him down hard. But he seemingly came up again with the bounce of a buccaneer. Almost without exception critics have swallowed in whole or in part his claims that he stood on Shakespeare's shoulders—an easy thing to do when your predecessor is six feet under ground. He may find it harder now that death has reduced them to the same level. I have always regretted that I went to a Malvern festival of Shaw's plays and never

### ***He Did Say This***

Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous dogma of papal infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before God.

George Bernard Shaw in his preface to *St. Joan*.

trekked over the hill to see how things were going in a Shakespearean festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

Future generations may doubt that Shaw wrote his own plays, and believe he swiped them from Ibsen, Strindberg, Pinero, Harris and others. He himself has even confessed, "I am an expert picker of other men's brains and have been exceptionally fortunate in friends." Isn't it quite possible that Shakespeare could have picked the brains of even greater friends—from Bacon to Edward De Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford?

I shall always believe that I was really in on the death of Shaw's talents, for it was at that Malvern festival that he first presented *The Apple Cart*. I remember that I happened to look down a flight of stairs leading from the theater lobby. There stood the master, reading from a little black notebook and pointing out to members of the cast wherein their acting fell a little short of perfection. Sir Cedric Hardwicke was in the cast.

I looked down on him much as

a young biologist looks down at an emaciated microbe under his microscope. A young man came up to me and asked me if I would mind not watching Mr. Shaw's rehearsal. I said I would mind very much. The young man walked away, and then came back to make it clearer to this outlander that I was practically committing lese majesty.

"Mr. Shaw would be furious if he saw you doing this," he explained.

"That would be better than the rehearsal," I said. The young man left, throwing me a look that would have felled a steer. When Shaw came trudging up the steps carrying a lunch basket we met and shook hands.

"I'm up here for *Variety*," I said, "and God help you if you're not good." He gave me that smile that looked so much like a sneer. It turned out God didn't help him much. Maybe because he didn't ask. But I hope He's helping him now. At least that was the intention of my prayers.

### Wisdom

THE bishop of Regina, Saskatchewan, was about to administer Confirmation. As usual he asked a few questions. One was on Extreme Unction. After mentioning that the priest anoints the five senses because with them we sin, he asked, "How can one sin with his nose?"

Quick as a flash, one youngster replied, "By sticking it in other people's business."

Isidore Gorski.

# Kangaroo Sandwich Comes High

By MARTIN ABRAMSON

Condensed from *Saga*\*



**T**HE waiter jotted down the order for the main course. Then he kicked the swinging door, dashed into the kitchen, and shouted, "One kangaroo! Make it well done!"

He spun around, and then spun right back again. "Hurry up on that octopus, medium-rare. Remember, plenty of sauce on all the legs!"

Actually, orders for well-done kangaroos, for medium-rare octopi, and even for wild buffalo with side order of sour cream filter are frequent in Nino's Sports Afield restaurant on New York's E. 52nd St. Nino's is the most fabulous eatery in the civilized world. It is also the most expensive.

How about an order of porcupine for \$55? (A favorite gag at Sports Afield is that the quills may be used for toothpicks at no extra charge.) Or maybe you'd prefer an order of ostrich eggs scrambled or fried for only \$70; broiled muskrat for \$62; Alaskan caribou at \$75 a throw? Or, for a real treat, wild mink for \$200 (just short of the price for a coat)?

For those who have been condi-

tioned to blue-plate specials, these bargains are thrown in: bear, \$12.50; Ukrainian grouse, \$13; Australian antelope, \$14; moose or elk, \$16; armadillo, \$100 (but served to four persons, who may split the check).

All in the spirit of great fun, the house has posted two slogans: FOOD FIT FOR A KING (A KING OF THE JUNGLE), and ALL YOU CAN EAT FOR \$700.

The restaurant is as exclusive as it is costly. Its clientele is restricted to a group of 200-odd big-game hunters and explorers, members of the Sports Afield club. The club is sponsored by *Sports Afield* magazine. Only specially invited guests of members are permitted to crash the *sanctum sanctorum* and make like a wild-game hunter for an evening of dining pleasure.

The idea for a big-game eatery in the hub of civilization came from the club members. "For years, we suffered every time we came back from trips to Africa, India, or Alaska," points out one veteran hunter. "Out there in the jungles we had the only kind of food a

\*205 E. 42nd St., New York City. November, 1950.

real he-man can enjoy. As soon as our ship docked in New York, we were forced to settle for meat from domestic animals. How could a man be happy with lamb stew when he has already feasted on broiled lion?"

When David Laux, an executive of *Sports Afield* magazine, first asked Nino Mainini to set aside an upstairs floor of his swank dining salon for the jungle commuters, he scared the urbane *propriétaire* out of a year's growth. Nino was talked into the deal, however, by his first chef, Raymond Paret. Like his boss, the Paris-born Paret had spent most of his lifetime concocting dainty French recipes. During the war, however, he'd been inveigled by the U.S. Army into serving as instructor in the Quartermaster corps. One day he went hunting with some GI's down in the jungles of Texas. There he was introduced to the grandeur of broiled armadillo.

"Twenty-five years of my life I threw away on *crepe suzettes* and *pate de foie gras*," he will tell you today. "Now, at last, I am living!" Sports Afield is the only known restaurant where guests lug in their own chow. Nino no longer goes into convulsions when his customers barge in with boar or bison fresh from a recent expedition, and ask, "How soon can you get this ready to eat?"

Hunters pay the same \$75 for a caribou they've shot themselves as for a caribou imported by the house,

but there's method in this madness. How better entertain your friends than to have them eat *your* caribou while you're outlining the terrain, logistics, and tactics used in gaining your brilliant victory in Operation Big Game?

Is the big game in Nino's salon tastier than the same game broiled over a fire in Africa? Yes, the hunters will tell you, and for one important reason: the wine. Chances are your jungle buffalo wouldn't be washed down with *Pommard*, 1937, as it would be on 52nd St. Much experimentation has turned up the intelligence that bear goes best with Sparkling Burgundy, B and G, that antelope is like nothing without *Moet et Chandon Imperial*, 1941, and that Moroccan coast octopus and *Hermitage Blanc*, 1934, are a slicker combination than Veloz and Yolanda.

The decor at Sports Afield is, appropriately enough, jungle green. Along the walls, the architect has spotted three-foot squares of frosted glass panes embellished by silhouettes of leaping deer, prowling lions, jumping tarpons, and immobile moose.

The restaurant has been a profitable operation from the beginning, but only on the moderate side. The fanciful prices are dictated by the comparative scarcity of wild game as well as the huge cost of importing it.

Bear is currently the favorite dish, but only because such prize items



as lion, tiger, and elephant are taboo under New York state health laws. The Sports Afield club is negotiating with state authorities to lift the ban, and the odds are these lords of the jungles will be installed in Nino's giant freezers soon. The dinner prices on all three will probably exceed the tariff on mink.

Perhaps the strangest sidelight to this unique restaurant is that its proprietor is still skeptical of his

own food. He has seen his guests feast on their wild game without a misadventure. He has played host to such big-game fanciers as Eddie Rickenbacker, Lauritz Melchior, Don Ameche, Bob Crosby, and Gene Tunney, Ezzard Charles, and Robert Villemain. But when Nino himself is invited to sit down and have a bite, his answer remains the same: "What, eat an octopus or an alligator? Think I'm crazy?"

### *Fact and Fable*

**WHEN** Stalin came to inspect a Moscow insane asylum, the inmates were assembled in the hall. According to instructions, they shouted, "Long live our beloved leader, Stalin!"—all except one man, who was immediately accosted by the secret police.

"Why did you not greet our beloved Comrade Stalin?"

"Because," the man answered, "I'm not insane. I'm just the janitor."

Dublin Standard (10 Nov. '50).



**DIALOGUE** reputedly direct from Moscow:

First Russian: "What was the nationality of Adam and Eve?"

Second Russian: "There's no possible doubt they were Soviet citizens. They had nothing to wear, nothing to eat but an apple, and lived in paradise."

New York Times Magazine.



**THE** Czechs have a new "democratic" version of the fable of the crow and the fox. A crow was in a tree, a piece of cheese in its beak, when a fox came up.

"Well, Comrade Crow," said the fox, "how beautifully you sang the *Internationale* at our party meeting! Do sing it again." The crow tucked the cheese under his wing and sang. Disappointed, the fox tried again.

"They say you fly incomparably. I would so much like to see you fly." The crow took the cheese in its beak and flew around. The fox was exasperated.

"You are extraordinarily talented," he exclaimed. "What a pity the wife of such a splendid fellow is so friendly with the party secretary."

The crow opened his beak in sudden surprise to protest, the cheese fell, and the fox made off with it.

The moral of the story being: If your wife is friendly with a party secretary, you had better keep your mouth shut.

Zygmunt Nagorsky in NANA dispatch.

# Getting Your Family By

By ROBERT and  
HELEN CISSELL

Condensed from the *Torch*\*

ROSIE RIVET of war-work fame is still doing all right. Members of her union get wages adequate for the typical two-child family. Miss Rosie gets enough pay for four persons to live on. It gives her the luxurious living she likes. On the assembly line with Rosie is Mike Mahaney, who is having a tough time getting even the necessities of life for himself, the missus, and six little Mahaneys.

Rosie and Mike are doing the same job and therefore getting the same pay. If wages are raised generally, Mike may get some relief. But eventually prices will follow, and so will the Mahaney money problems.

If the Mahaneys had a little land, they could supply some of their needs. But Mike works in a large city, and land is either too expensive or too far from work. His children can't help him by raising food.

Many married couples with several children are finding that even heroic sacrifice and good manage-

ment are not enough to make ends meet. As the Popes have pointed out, the breadwinner of such a family should get a family wage. A family wage means, in a broad sense, the goods and services required for a decent family life.

It is difficult to define a family wage, even in dollars and cents, let alone get it. If asked what they consider a family wage, most persons would probably say \$20 to \$30 a month more than their present income. For many, it's still a case of the more they have, the more they want.

Fortunately we can get an unbiased estimate of basic living costs from the Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics. The family wage can best be set by comparing budget estimates with incomes in a particular locality.

Take Indianapolis, one of the few cities for which comparable cost and income data are available. Even back in 1946 the estimated cost of a worker's budget was \$2,930 for a three-child family, the number of children needed for a stationary population. At that time almost half of the Indianapolis families were making less than \$3,000. Thus in a typical American city in such prosperous times as 1946, and before the removal of price controls, nearly half of the families did not have a money income adequate for the bureau's standard of living for the children needed for merely a stable population.

More recent statistics show that

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21, November, 1950.

the situation has worsened. The October, 1950, *Monthly Labor Review* reporting on wages, indicated that for the entire country the average weekly earnings of production workers in manufacturing industries, with three dependents, was \$53.83, or \$2,799 a year. In terms of 1939 dollars, this wage was only \$31.64 a week, or \$1,645 a year. And these, mind you, are gross earnings, not the spendable pay left after various customary deductions.

In the same issue of the *Monthly Labor Review* are index figures on cost of living. The consumers' price index for moderate-income families (that is, an index made up from prices of things ordinarily purchased by families with moderate incomes) in large cities was 174.8 on Oct. 15, 1950, the index being based on 100 for the average between 1935 and 1940. The index has been climbing all year from a 1949 average of 169.1, and from 165.9 on Jan. 15, 1950, and has now reached an all-time high.

Still other income figures are provided by the Bureau of the Census. This agency reports that in 1948, 4 million families had incomes under \$1,000; that 17,600,000 families had incomes under \$3,000; and that the average for all 40,400,000 families in the U.S., even including the millionaires, was only \$3,200 in 1948.

The family wage problem is serious indeed. But it can be solved. God has certainly provided the

U.S. with enough resources to meet the needs of all our families.

Even if God did undertake the distribution Himself, few would be satisfied in this day of ad-created appetites. Unless, of course, the enriched, fortified and activated manna came down neatly packaged with a spoon coupon for mama and, for the children to fight over, an angel cutout that flaps its wings.

Since children are a nation's most important asset, everyone should be concerned with families having enough to live decently. This could be done if 1. employers would give extra consideration to the heads of large families; 2. government would provide family allowances, liberal tax exemptions, low-cost housing, and other economic assistance now beyond both private industry and the individual family; 3. families would practice detachment toward material goods, self-help, and mutual cooperation.

All this is a big order, sure. But some of the ideas are already in limited use and could be extended. And family assistance not now available, such as allowances and distribution of surplus food to the lowest-income groups, can be obtained through organized effort.

As far as the employer is concerned, the cases will be very rare where the heads of large families are paid more because of their greater need. A pay system that would take family size into account is one thing on which both labor

and management agree: both are against it. Says William Green, "The size of the family is a personal matter. It necessarily gives the worker a reason to work harder and produce more, but it is not a factor which the company can take into consideration in determining his wages."

And the National Association of Manufacturers sizes up the situation in this way. "The NAM has, for many years, been on record as supporting the principle of equal pay for equal work as the only sound and fair basis for the payment of wages. The concept that pay for the job should reflect the content of the job is widely accepted in industry today, and traditional good-management practice has established the principle of paying the rate for the job rather than for the person. We do not seem to have the number of large families which characterized American life in years past, but we recognize that if there is only one wage earner in a rather large family, the going may be tough. Fortunately, however, since the older members of the family reach employable age while there are still younger children to be cared for, the duration of the hardship period is limited." Limited, the manufacturers should say, to ten or 15 years. They would seem to be hoping that the large-family problem may solve itself through the disappearance of large families. Until income is tailored to

fit family needs, there will be a temptation to limit family size.

While family allowances are already in operation in some 40 other countries, there seems to be little chance of their early adoption in the U.S. As the American bishops said in their 1949 statement, "When the aid of government is extended to those who raise crops or build machines but not to those who rear children, there exists a condition of inequity and even of injustice." Now that many workers have what is a very decent income for a small family, the new all-important goal of the government planners has become old-age security. But today millions of people have their distant old age provided for while they cannot make ends meet here and now.

The family has a part in solving the family wage problem. The family wage should go only to those who want a family. Many social-climbers of the middle classes have adequate incomes and inadequate families. But in families where spiritual values and good management prevail, children are being raised properly on incomes that would seem hopelessly low to those busily keeping up with the neighbors. Items bought only to match the Joneses are not really needed. Improved wage scales will not amount to a family wage as long as families permit materialism to determine their way of life.

Families must try not to depend

entirely on one pay check. Many farm families have a more adequate family wage in terms of the necessities of life than city families with much higher dollar incomes. Families can pool their resources in credit unions and cooperatives. They can achieve in this way a degree of independence otherwise impossible.

Even city families can do a few things for themselves. They can disregard advertising. Modern advertising brings on artificial desires. It tries to make a family dependent on outside agencies for many things which should be done within the family circle. Families are trained not to make what they can buy; not to do for themselves what they can hire someone else to do. Building simple furniture, cutting hair, repairing shoes, raising and processing food, making electrical and plumbing repairs and many other household jobs can be done without \$2-an-hour outside help.

Large families can help themselves, too, by working together.

This has been proved in Belgium, where the League of Large Families (organized 29 years ago) has done much for the welfare of family life in general and for large families in particular. The aims of the league are social. The league includes all economic and religious groups. The only requirement for active membership is that one be the head of a family of four or more children, but heads of smaller families and, in general, anyone interested in the problems of family life may become associate members of the group.

The league has secured practical help for families by means of tax reductions, allowances, low-cost housing and liberal credit. Also, its general program has raised large families in the public esteem and given them a self respect that was largely lost 20 years ago. Its achievement is worth U. S. notice. We pity parents of large families and tend to think the ideal family is one boy, one girl, one or more cars, and a television set.

### *T-Zone Blessing*

FIVE congressmen had an audience with the Pope. When the time came for the blessing of the medals, I pulled out what I thought were my rosaries and other religious articles. When the Pope put his hand on my little packet, I looked down and discovered to my horror that he had blessed an unopened package of cigarettes.

He saw the look of consternation on my face, and then saw what he had done. He had a good laugh while I frantically dug out the other articles.

I have carefully preserved the package of cigarettes for a friend. He must frame it with a picture of His Holiness as the only package of cigarettes ever blessed by a Pope.

Congressman Thurmond Chatham of N. Car. (NCWC, Nov. 18, 1950).

# Courage in Public Life

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed chapter of a book\*

How can you develop civic courage? Early in the spring of 1917, I listened to the debates which raged in the Senate over America's entrance into the 1st World War. By that time the press had worked up the war spirit. It had become fashionable and patriotic to shout for war and to assail all speakers who asked the nation to stay out of it.

I remember listening one afternoon to an address by Senator Stone of Missouri. He pleaded for America to try to bring the warring leaders to the peace table, but not to enter the war. Whether one agrees or disagrees with the senator's stand it was nevertheless one which required great moral courage. He was chairman of the Foreign Relations committee. Therefore, he was under terrific pressure to fall in with the Wilson administration's war policy.

Most of the Senate had been won over to it. The crowds in the galleries, inflamed with the passions of war, hissed when the senator

pleaded for abstinence from European quarrels and for some regard for the lives of our own young men. Newspapers called him a "Hun sympathizer."

I have never been able to forget the sight of Senator Stone facing the hostility of the galleries, the displeasure of the majority of his colleagues, and the wrath of the administration leaders, to follow his conscience. Along with him stood LaFollette, O'Gorman, Norris, Reed and a few others. President Wilson branded them the "12 willful men" because they dared to defy his demand for war.

Some 20 years later, I conferred on Sen. George Norris the Cardinal Newman Award for distinguished public service. Then I learned at first hand of what he had to face because of his vote. When he went back to Nebraska to give an account of his vote to his constituents, he found it impossible to get a single prominent citizen to preside at the meeting. No one wished to share the stigma laid on a man who

\*The Art of Courageous Living. Copyright, 1950, by the author. McMullen Books, Inc., 86  
22 Park Place, New York City, 7. 266 pp. \$2.50.



had voted to keep out of the war.

That had become not only unpatriotic, but closely akin to treason. Nevertheless, George Norris faced that crowd with a clear conscience, which is the true source of moral courage.

But courage is infectious. Before Norris left that hall, he had won over the crowd from hostility to applause for his own fearless obedience to his conscience.

Few men in public life have consistently shown such moral courage as Senator Norris. Early in his public career he saw that blind obedience to the bosses in his party was inconsistent with the best interests of the country. Norris declared his intention to follow his own conscience.

"I was elected," he once said, "to serve my country, not the interests of any political party."

When he was a young congressman, an incident occurred which showed him the folly of traipsing along blindly with his party. A Democratic leader introduced a resolution to adjourn Congress the next day out of respect for Washington's birthday. A Republican leader assailed him and his party as loafers. He said that the best way to pay tribute to Washington was to hold the usual session. Norris thought the Democrat's resolution entirely reasonable and voted for it.

That evening in the cloakroom a Republican leader took Norris to task for not voting with his party.

"Young man," he said, "if you want to stay long in this House, you'll have to vote as your party leader tells you. The cemetery is full of political corpses who failed to obey orders."

Later that evening, Norris learned that, in the Senate, a Republican had moved to adjourn for the next day, while a Democrat had opposed. The vote was along the usual party lines.

"If blind obedience to party orders leads to such contradiction in small matters," Norris reflected, "why will it not produce the same inconsistency in important matters?" From then on, for 40 years of public service, Norris followed the voice of his own conscience.

His party leaders raged and stormed. They even placed on the ballot the name of an obscure Nebraska groceryman, also named George W. Norris, thinking they would confuse voters and have the senator counted out. But the citizens of Nebraska admired his courage and honesty. For some 40 years they returned Norris to Washington, honoring him with one of the longest tenures of high office in our nation's history.

Sen. Hiram Johnson was also courageous in standing by his convictions. A delegation representing 70 newspaper editors in California once called upon the senator. They told him they would actively oppose his re-election unless he changed his views on a certain measure.

"Go and tell those editors," replied the senator, "that if seven times 70 editors oppose me, I will stand by my convictions." The electorate perceived his courage, and re-elected him by an overwhelming majority. He enjoyed the unique distinction of being nominated for the Senate by both the Republican and Democratic parties.

A person of wide experience in city administration tells me that it is a hush-up policy which makes possible the widespread graft and corruption existing today. "There are hundreds, and even thousands of towns and cities," he said, "where slot machines and other gambling devices are operating wide open. The rake-off runs each year into the millions. It is often split four ways, to each of the leading public officials: the mayor, the state's attorney, the sheriff, and the chief of police. Sometimes, the newspaper publisher is also given a slice for keeping silent."

Thousands of citizens know this is going on. Yet, rare indeed is the individual who says anything about it. A little moral courage could sever the widespread tie-up of politics with gambling and commercialized vice.

I listened to the story told to my students by George E. Q. Johnson, when as federal district attorney of Chicago he was seeking to secure the conviction of Al Capone. Capone's gang were the top Chicago bootleggers. Their racket was worth

\$50 million. Capone controlled a number of labor unions; his syndicate levied a tax upon merchants for "protection." Scarcely a week passed without someone being murdered as a result of his widespread operations.

Persons who were shot, but did not die, were almost invariably too afraid to reveal the name of the would-be murderer. Witnesses who were called in had sudden attacks of forgetfulness; other witnesses disappeared before the case came to court. When word got out that a witness was talking, he would suddenly be killed. Even hospitals were invaded, and injured victims were finished off to silence them.

"The greatest difficulty that I experienced in prosecuting that case," said Johnson, "was in trying to get witnesses to testify. Time after time we would bring witnesses to my office only to find them lacking courage to testify or to give us the slightest help. We would promise them police protection. But, even then, we rarely found a man who had courage enough to appear on the witness stand. They wanted protection as citizens, but they were unwilling to give testimony."

Johnson finally secured a conviction, on grounds of income-tax-law violation, and had Capone sentenced to Alcatraz. Before he could do that, however, he had to place prospective witnesses in a vessel on Lake Michigan to keep them from fleeing in fear.

The enormous toll taken from the pockets of the taxpayers, through widespread graft and corruption, is due to the lack of moral courage on the part of all those who ought to enforce the law. Sharing that blame are the citizens who know of crookedness, but who do not say a word to end the disgrace.

Thomas E. Dewey, when he was district attorney of New York City, showed great moral courage. At that time "Lucky" Luciano and other leaders ruled New York. The gangsters had grown rich on rake-offs from organized gambling and commercialized vice. As in Chicago, witnesses were intimidated or killed; a few minor thugs took the rap, while the overlords grew more arrogant every day.

Dewey brought a marvelous efficiency into the methods of collecting evidence. He gained the confidence of witnesses and protected them. Then he started bearing down on the vice lords.

Crooked syndicates began to crumble. The luck of "Lucky" Luciano began to wane; shyster lawyers who had been getting a share

of the spoils, found New York too hot for comfort. New York City was cleaned up as it had never been before.

The leaders were either executed or jailed; the syndicates were broken up; the citizens breathed freely again. The entire nation praised the courage, ability, and honesty of Thomas E. Dewey.

Such courage brings rich returns in the administration of justice, in the protection of the community from gangsters, and in the gratitude of the people. But public servants need the cooperation of everyone to secure the observance of all the laws of a community. Too often not enough citizens vote; too often, those who vote regard their work as done when they cast their ballot.

Many people regard politics as a dirty business, with which they disdain to soil their white kid gloves. They have no time for the important business of electing capable public servants. That is civic cowardice. Their apathy results in the election of unqualified officials and the consequent failure to enforce the law.

### *Ladies Make Bread*

IT may come as a shock to many to learn that they are entitled to be called Lady only if they are housewives and bread-kneaders. The word is, literally, *the loaf-kneader*. *Lady* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaef-dige*.

From *Unusual Words* by Edwin Radford (Philosophical Library).

# Airborne Advertising

By ROBERT L. GUTH

Condensed from the *Marianist*\*



**D**ON'T be alarmed if you see ghostly letters appearing some night in the dark blue of the sky. Most likely it will be a skywriter using the new phosphorescent smoke-stream.

Night skywriting isn't fully developed yet, but when it is, skywriters will have a 24-hour-a-day lease on the biggest advertising space available.

This year, during the daytime alone, millions of prospective buyers will look on as more than 7,000 messages are hung up on the "billboard unlimited." On a clear day, the words, lettered at 15,000 feet, can be seen from a distance of 40 miles. Many times a client will get more than he bargained for when a steady wind gives his advertisement a free ride, with all the letters intact, from one city to another.

Manufacturers of soft drinks and other products are not the only ones to use the sky as a billboard, however. It has also served to proclaim the majesty and mercy of its Creator.

About ten years ago, Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I., the "Flying Priest of the Arctic," conceived the idea of

putting God's magnificent blue canvas to God's own use. Father Schulte flew three times daily during the octave of Christ the King, writing a cross in the sky over Washington, D.C., and Baltimore.

On the feast itself, as suggested in leaflets distributed beforehand, the sign called for meditation on the Kingship of Christ. On Monday it was a reminder of what the cross meant, redemption and salvation; on Tuesday, a call to action, to follow the cross. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were to teach love for the crucified Redeemer; Saturday, contrition and confession. Sunday's cross called the people to Mass and Communion.

In the week that followed, Father Schulte's office was deluged with phone calls and letters assuring him that the sign in the heavens had been seen and heeded by thousands. Requests came in from Catholics all over the country asking to have the cross written over their own cities. Father Schulte's "sky-preaching" had succeeded beyond his fondest hopes.

The idea of writing with smoke was born in the mind of Maj. John

C. Savage of the Royal Air Force during the 1st World War. He saw in it a device for sending messages when other means of communication were not possible. By the time he solved the problem of producing a lasting smoke the war had ended. In 1922, an American, Capt. Allen J. Cameron, saw a demonstration of the new writing technique in England. He immediately sensed the possibilities for a great commercial venture. Securing the U.S. rights, he organized the Skywriting Corporation of America.

Cameron put on the best publicity stunt of that year. On Oct. 22, 1922, a plane flew over New York City and wrote: HELLO U.S.A. CALL VANDERBILT 7200.

Thousands of New Yorkers and Jerseyites dutifully ran to their phones. Va 7200 was the number of the Vanderbilt hotel, temporary headquarters of the Skywriting Corporation of America.

Switchboards were jammed for hours, and manufacturers didn't have to be told that here was advertising *par excellence*. Orders for messages flowed in. Skywriting was "made."

Few advertisers will deny the effectiveness of "sky billboards." When the paddle-ball game Hi-Li was being publicized a decade ago, planes flew over almost every big city writing PLAY HI-LI. They also drew a five-mile outline of a ball and paddle. The kids ate it up,

and the toymaker made a fortune.

Writing in the sky takes a lot of practice and a special knack that only a few men possess. Words have to be written backwards so that they can be read properly from below. Sometimes, when the wind is strong, a flier may have to chase frantically after a word to cross a T.

Each letter is made on a different level; otherwise the plane's prop-wash would wipe out the one just formed. Ordinarily the message is written out backwards on a slip of paper and pinned to the plane's control panel. Then the pilot does not have to visualize the reversed order.

Some skywriters have written PEPSI COLA backwards so often that they wouldn't recognize the regular spelling. They write PEPSI more than anything else. But their favorite word is OXO. No matter how they do it, it's still OXO to earthbound watchers. The only trouble is that nobody's selling anything called OXO.

The smoke used in skywriting is produced from an oil mixture. It is a secret formula, with special ingredients for keeping the smoke lines intact. The oil is injected under pressure into the exhaust manifold of the airplane engine, where the intense heat fuses it into smoke.

A gallon of fluid produces about enough smoke for one letter; the planes are equipped with 40-gallon tanks. This eliminates the possibil-

ity of staging an aerial filibuster. Perhaps by 1952 they will carry enough oil to write out campaign promises, but in 1948 Mr. Dewey had to be satisfied with having just his name go up in smoke along with his political aspirations.

The man behind today's advertising air force is Maj. S. Sidney Pike, president of the Skywriting Corporation of America. From his desk in the corporation's Manhattan office the ex-pilot directs the activities of his pitchmen, who are stationed at airfields throughout the country. There's nothing the major likes more than a clear, blue sky.

When he's not worrying about weather conditions, he has to contend with people who don't know block-lettering from script. They call in to announce gleefully that somebody forgot to dot the *I* in PEPSI.

In the earlier days of skywriting everyone wanted to get into the act. Lovesick young men paid to have their sweethearts' initials linked with theirs in the proverbial arrow-pierced heart. During the drought years there was one shady character who came up with a plan to milk the public. He wanted to contract with several dried-out midwestern counties to put rain in the sky, for a handsome price, and then have Pike send up a pilot to write RAIN. But the major's ethics held the line and the rain maker decided

to go back to his numbers racket.

One Rainbow laundry wanted to have its name written over the rainbow every time one appeared in the sky. "And where did they think we were going to find the rainbow?" asks Pike.

If anyone could have found it, it would have been Andy Stinis, the dean of American skywriters. Andy, who looks as though he just stepped out of the movie *Test Pilot*, has been writing with smoke so long that he can almost do it with his eyes closed. He doesn't use any chart when he's skywriting. By this time he has the "feel" of it.

When a new flyer joins the force, Andy takes him out to sea, where no one will watch them, and teaches him the Palmer method all over again. He sees to it that all the rough edges are rubbed off the fledgling's technique before his debut over New York.

Stinis is probably the only man in the advertising business who receives fan mail. Some people are carried into ecstasies when they watch his artistic maneuvering, but as far as he's concerned, "It's business, not poetry." No doubt, he remembers the time he played tic-tac-toe with another skywriter on a ten-mile diagram over New York City. He began to exult over the straight lines he was making, and left a corner open for his opponent's winning O.



*It's hard to believe how easy it is to be sucked into the whirlpool*

# American Spy for Russia

Condensed from *U.S. News & World Report*\*

*Can an American of average circumstances, happy with job and family, be turned by blackmail into a spy for the communists, willing to give or sell his country's secrets to Russia? Could this really happen to a normal, hard-working, home-loving man? The answer is yes.*

ALFRED DEAN SLACK seemed as nearly normal and average as an American could be. Now he is serving a term in prison for giving war secrets to Russia. And his friends and old neighbors at Clay, N. Y., just outside Syracuse, are trying to figure out how it happened.

Until one day last June, Slack fitted snugly into the community at Clay. He was 44, of medium height, a little too heavy, like many others of his age. He wore rimless glasses, looked a little like a college professor.

Slack had a good job. He had a new Cape Cod bungalow that he had built with his own hands. He was proud of it, and proud of his wife and two young children. His spare time went into

work on the house. In idle moments, he liked to play the organ in his living room, or work at wood carving, or thumb through the chemical and scientific books in his little library. He was at home and loved it. He had been born within a dozen miles of the place where he lived.

Neighbors tabbed him as "a nice guy." One said, "He's a quiet fellow, but I like him." The justice of the peace called him "a home man." His grocer thought him "one of the nicest fellows I ever met."

This was the picture the community had of Slack when he climbed into his car on the morning of June 15, 1950, and drove off to his work. He was assistant production superintendent of a paint factory. A day later, the people at Clay knew Slack as a man who had given American war secrets to Russia. Two men from the Federal Bureau of Investigation had arrested Slack that morning when he reported for work.

Soon, the details



\*24th and N Sts., N. W., Washington 7, D. C. Nov. 24, 1950.

came to the people in the home community. Six years before, while working at a war plant in Tennessee, Slack had told a Russian agent how to make a new explosive. He even had given the Russian agent a sample. And he had known the information was destined for Russia.

The neighbors at Clay puzzled over the story as they set about raising funds for Mrs. Slack and the children. The thing was hard for them to understand. Slack was not a college-bred communist. He had not turned to communism because of joblessness. He was not even a member of the Communist party.

All through his working life, Slack had had pretty good pay. He had no criminal record. He had been a quiet, well-behaved youth. There was nothing sinister in his background. He was just a quiet man who liked to potter about the house and play the organ.

On the surface of Slack's placid life, there seemed to be no clue as to how it could have happened. He had grown up in a self-respecting, middle-class family in Syracuse. He had a natural liking for chemistry. His father was a chemist. Slack had one brother and two sisters.

Young Slack had gone through school at the normal rate. He had finished North High school in Syracuse when not quite 18. Then had followed various jobs and two semesters at Syracuse university. Soon

after he turned 21, Slack went to Rochester, got a job in the Eastman Kodak Co. laboratories, and enrolled in night school. For two years he carried the double load of working by day and going to school at night. Just before entering night school, Slack married. He continued to dig into chemical and mechanical subjects in spare time at home after he finished school. The great depression did not disturb Slack. All through this period, he kept his job.

When the war came, Slack was transferred to the Holston Ordnance works at Kingsport, Tenn. A new explosive was to be developed here. Slack became a department supervisor, with access to information about the development of the explosive. He worked here, and at another Eastman subsidiary at Oak Ridge, all through the war years.

With the war over, Slack left Oak Ridge and war work. He tried engineering research, worked on various projects. Finally, he went back to Syracuse, took the job with the paint company, and settled back into his native environment. His work history gave no clue to why Slack had turned spy. There had been good jobs, as chemist, engineer, plant manager, at fair pay. He had seemed to be happy.

It is only in a study of Slack's friends that the pattern of intrigue begins to become apparent. As an eager young student, working in

the Eastman laboratories, Slack had met an older man named Richard Briggs. This new friend was a skeptic about the American economic system. This was in 1928. Briggs thought they were doing things better in Russia, the people's state. Slack listened eagerly to Briggs. He felt much the same way. His own friendly feelings toward Russia, which were to increase through the depression years, already were beginning to flower.

In 1936, eight years after their meeting, Briggs left the Eastman plant and went to St. Louis. But he kept up his contact with Slack and soon was back in the East. And it was not long before he was calling on Slack again. Slack was well on the upgrade now. He not only knew the Eastman processes, but by his outside studies of mechanics and general engineering he had picked up a good knowledge of many industrial techniques.

Briggs began to mine this vein of information. He asked Slack all sorts of questions: What is the way to do this? What is the formula for that? What are the processes for making this? He hinted that he needed the information for use in his own job. But some of the things Briggs said were vague. They set Slack to asking questions.

Briggs admitted that he was collecting the information for Russia. He was eloquent: Russia was the people's republic. It was behind the U.S. in industrial development. It

would be a service to humanity to help Russia bridge this gap. Slack listened.

Soon, Briggs was suggesting that Slack might pick up some extra money for spare-time work. Slack could work out outlines of how things were done in the chemical field, with formulas and such things, and sell them to Russia. Briggs would put him in touch with the right man.

Slack was interested. Here was a chance to do something to help the people's republic. And he could pick up some spare money for doing it. At first he gave information to Briggs. Then Briggs brought a man named "George," who became a regular contact. "George" explained what he wanted, and Slack worked out the information. He got approximately \$200 for each report. Briggs died, but Slack went ahead with the work. It all seemed simple. Russia was at peace with the U.S. And this was industrial information, having nothing to do with weapons.

In 1940, about a year after the death of Briggs, Harry Gold took the place of the first Russian agent as a contact with Slack. The work continued.

Then America went to war, and Slack tried to break off relations with Gold. Slack had been picked for an important new job at Kingsport. And he realized that there was a difference between giving Russia industrial information in

peacetime and military information in wartime.

There were constant reminders of this at Kingsport: restrictions on plant workers, security regulations, posters warning against giving information to an enemy. Russia was not an enemy, but Slack decided not to give Gold any more information.

Gold made several trips to Kingsport, demanding to know about the new explosive. Slack could tell him about it easily. But he refused, flatly. Finally, Gold cracked down and began to threaten. He would tell about the other things that Slack had done.

No one would ever believe this work was as innocent as it sounded. Slack would be fired from the war plant, barred from work in any other, blacklisted everywhere.

Then Gold became persuasive again. Russia was an ally of the U.S. It was up to Americans to help. He spoke of Stalingrad, and

the stand before Moscow, and a devastated Ukraine.

Slack bent under the pressure. He brought a sample of the explosive out of the plant and gave it, with a sketch on how to make it, to Gold. The latter hurried it off toward the upper levels of the Russian pyramid.

That was in 1943. The crime lay on Slack's conscience for six years, through half a dozen different jobs, before it caught up with him in his home at Syracuse.

Because of the threats Gold had used, the Justice Department proposed only a 10-year sentence for Slack. But Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor waved aside the recommendation. He said 15 years was not too much for conspiring to commit espionage for a foreign government.

And Alfred Dean Slack, a rumpled man with a worried face, wiped his rimless glasses, put them on again, and went off to prison.

## The World's Coldest Mission

**I**n the cold, barren lands of Canada's northwest territories the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have established a mission. Father Henri Berube is the priest, and the Eskimos are his parishioners. His headquarters are at Eskimo Point.



**O**ver the altar in Father Berube's church. The Hebrew characters on the sun mean "God." His light shines over all that frozen land.





**I**n the same church building is a game room. The billiard table is constantly in use, but the Eskimos invent their own rules.





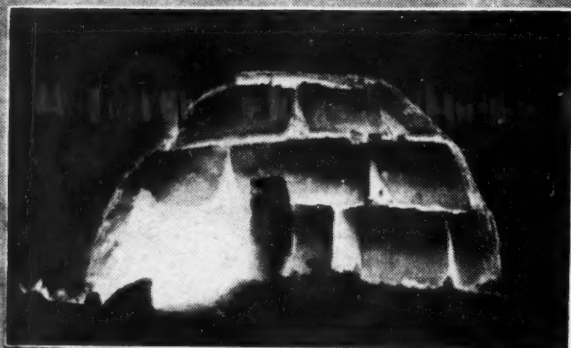
**L**and travel is impossible without a good dog team. Before starting on his visits, Father talks things over with his lead dog.



**The sled is loaded with food for man and seven dogs. The iron snow anchor in the foreground serves as a brake.**



**F**rozen meat will burn the skin on contact. It is held between the teeth until it is thawed enough to touch.



**F**ather Berube repairs the snow insulation around his Padlei parish chapel. His igloo (insert) takes on a ghostly appearance at night.



**V**illagers of Padlei post have an enthusiastic greeting for their priest, with the exception of this shy fellow in the oversize clothing.





**Eskimo Madonna.** The parka is like a halo; the baby has the composure of a Byzantine mosaic.

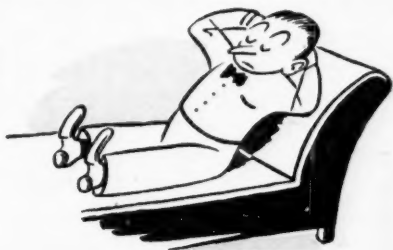


*The people in old jokes are being changed to  
make new jokes*

# It's Funny and It's Freud

By EVAN ESAR

Condensed from the New York  
*Times Magazine*\*



A CENTURY ago, when phrenology was in flower, one of the witticisms that went the rounds was: "Anybody who goes to a phrenologist ought to have his head examined." Nowadays a switch on this item is no less popular than the original: "Anybody who goes to see a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined." The century between these two quips witnessed the birth and death of Sigmund Freud, and, apart from the scientific heritage he left, he created a whole new field for playful wits. The result is that every other joke today seems to be based on psychiatry. Comic cartoonists apparently begin each day's work with a panel on a psychoanalyst and a patient, with or without couch, and the same subject provides the first anecdote in many anthologies.

There are several other switches on pre-Freudian jokes. What was once a reference to the dermatologist has now been transferred to

the mental examiner. "A psychiatrist is fortunate: his patients never die and they never get well." What was once slanted toward the teacher finds its current counterpart in "Psychiatrists never punish their children; being the child of a psychiatrist is punishment enough."

But before Freud no one could coin or enjoy a quip like "Only a psychiatrist can find it, but really everyone has a streak of sanity in him somewhere."

The Freudian motif appears also in this entry from a case record in a child-guidance clinic. "She was recently examined by a pediatrician, who, finding nothing wrong with her, recommended that she see a psychiatrist."

On the other hand, the Freudian pattern can be funny by its conspicuous absence. A man charged with breaking into a bank declared that he was in perfectly good health when he committed the crime, that he did not suffer from blackouts nor dementia praecox and was not in

\**Times Square, New York City. Nov. 19, 1950.*

need of psychiatric treatment. "I just did it for the money," he said.

The ideas and customs of the psychiatric profession come in for considerable satire. A group of psychiatric bigwigs is reported to have been commissioned by the army to determine the most scientific method for selecting soldiers for duty abroad. The medicos created elaborate tests to determine what types of men were best suited for different areas and climates. After putting all their findings together, they reported that the best way to find out whether a soldier would be most efficient in the North or in the tropics was to ask him, "What kind of weather do you prefer—hot or cold?"

Definitions are helpful, too. A psychiatrist is a doctor who guarantees a cure or your mania back. A neurotic is a person who thinks you mean it when you ask him how he feels. Psychoanalysis is the treatment of disease in which a man takes his medicine lying down.

The split personality is not neglected. A timid little man visits a psychiatrist and begs him to split his personality. When the doctor asks why, he answers in a sad voice, "Oh, doctor, I'm so lonesome."

Another man wants the reverse done to him; he wants the analyst to help him get rid of his split personality.

"Why do you want to do that?" asks the psychiatrist.

"Because we just can't stand each other," replies the patient.

A psychiatrist lists a \$1,000 deduction on his income-tax return. His explanation: "This represents a loss due to a patient. He's a kleptomaniac, and I haven't cured him yet."

Then there is the man who visits a medical friend whom he finds in wild excitement, crying, "I've got to see a psychiatrist!"

"But you are a psychiatrist."

"Yes," says the doctor, "but I charge too much."

Freudian slips of the tongue are now popular anecdotes. One is about a woman who refused to attend a party with her husband because she loathed the hostess. However, she consented to go because it involved his business. She promised her husband she would act pleasant and agreeable, and she did. When they left, she shook hands with the hostess, and said warmly, "It was so nice of us to come."

A man called one day on his neighbor who had irritated him by failing to return a borrowed article. During the call it began to rain. "I guess I'll go now," he said.

"You can't leave now," objected the other. "It's raining. You simply must stay for dinner."

The visitor walked over to the window and peered out. "Oh, no," he said. "It isn't raining that hard."

The most jocular element of all Freudian humor today is conceived in caricature. This is the stock char-

acter of the mad psycho, an individual who may be described as a psychiatrist who requires a psychiatrist. It may be likened to the caricature of the absent-minded professor which preceded it by less than half a century.

It was World War II with the great number of mental cases created by it that telescoped the rise of this caricature. The relation of psychiatrists and soldiers formed the early basis of considerable comedy, and of course the punch line usually revealed the superiority of the GI, or at least that, in spite of the suspicion of the psychiatrist, he was of sound and clever mind. Typical was the case of the psychiatrist who was testing a soldier.

"What would happen if I cut off your ear?" he asked.

"I couldn't hear," answered the G. I.

"And if I also cut off your other ear?" he asked.

"I couldn't see."

"Why?"

"Because my hat would fall over my eyes."

A similar situation involved a psychiatric board that was testing a soldier's mentality.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices come from?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I answer the telephone."

When the war was over, a civil-

ian was substituted for the soldier. A recent version tells how a mental patient was asked: "What would you say is the difference between a little boy and a dwarf?"

"Well, there might be a lot of difference."

"What, for instance?"

"Well," said the patient, "the dwarf might be a girl."

A variation is the woman who visits a psychiatrist and says, "I wish you'd see my husband. He's out of his mind. He blows smoke rings all the time."

The doctor replies, "That's nothing unusual. I like to blow smoke rings myself."

"Yes," explains the woman, "but he doesn't smoke."

It was only one step from the comic psycho to the portrayal of the analyst as a neurotic himself. Two psychiatrists meet on the street. One says, "You're fine. How am I?"

Then they enter an elevator and are greeted by the operator with the customary, "Good morning." Whereupon they look at each other significantly and, as they leave the elevator, one asks, "Now what do you suppose he meant by that?"

The current acceptance of this Freudian stereotype as one of the most popular caricatures in public favor is, of course, no reflection on psychiatry. The occasional psychiatrist who objects to this unflattering portrait lacks a sense of humor and is in the wrong profession.

*Mortals, that behold a Woman  
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun;  
Who am I the heavens assume? an  
All am I, and I am one.*

—Francis Thompson



## *Radiance in Rome*

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES



**M**y memories of St. Peter's, in Rome, go back a long way—indeed, to the time when I was led, as a wondering child, toward the huge holy-water basin of azure porcelain and told to observe that its supporting porcelain cherubs were nearly as large as I was myself! This observation, as well as many others instigated by a mother who took sightseeing more seriously than she did most other things, evidently made not only a profound but a lasting impression upon me. For, though it was more than 20 years before I went to Rome again, I could lead the friend who accompanied me straight to all the principal monuments in the basilica, beginning at Michelangelo's *Pietà*, without the assistance of an official guide!

That particular visit did not have sightseeing as its objective, nor did it have the slightest religious connotation. I had been sent to Rome to cover an International Congress of Women for the magazine I represented and, though I did so, my account of this was overshadowed

by my first important journalistic "scoop," an interview with Signora Mussolini, who had not yet come to join her husband in Rome, but was still living in great seclusion in Milan, and whom it was allegedly impossible to reach. This stroke of good fortune seemed to me, and to my editor, far the most important thing that happened while I was in Italy, and it did, indeed, mark the beginning of a great change in my career as a writer; but I know now that it was not nearly so significant as an episode which, at the time, I considered of so little consequence that I did not write about it at all!

I received a scribbled note, obviously written in a great hurry, from an acquaintance who was attached to the American Embassy. He was sending me two tickets, he said, for a "colorful ceremony" which was about to take place at St. Peter's. He was sorry to be so late with them, but they had only just then become available. I would have to make haste in order to get there; however, he thought it might

be worth making the small effort.

I thought so, too, and rushed off to get the friend for whom I had acted as unofficial guide a few days earlier. We hailed a cab, and went at top speed to St. Peter's; but though we penetrated to the basilica, thousands of others had done so before us, and we could see almost nothing. We had a dazed impression of beautiful music and wonderful pageantry, but we were confused; we did not in the least understand what it was all about. Only afterward, in the thronged piazza, when we happened to run into a young artist whom we knew, was the meaning of the ceremony explained to us.

"If I had had a sister," he said, "more than anything else in the world, I would have wished her to resemble *Soeur Thérèse*."

"*Soeur Thérèse*?" we echoed, incomprehendingly.

"Yes. The young French nun whose beatification we have just attended. You don't mean to tell me you've never heard of the Little Flower?"

We were obliged to confess that we never had, that we did not even know it was a beatification we had just attended. But while, as far as I am aware, it did not assume any special importance to my companion, that ceremony was to prove the first link in a golden chain of events which were to change the tenor of my life.

Because this is so, I have told the

story of that chance meeting many times since, even though I did not write about the "colorful ceremony" then; and I am telling it once again, because it has taken on new significance to me. A beatification, that is to say, the official act whereby a Pope declares a deceased person to be among the blessed and therefore entitled to specific religious honor, is, fittingly, surrounded with great beauty and dignity; and the young French nun so honored in the instance I am recalling has seemed the ideal sister to men in countless walks of life. She has now been elevated to greater glory; she has become a patron saint of France and of missionaries throughout the world. But, in her sanctity, she has still retained the attributes she had in life—the simplicity, the sincerity, the gentleness and guilelessness of the sheltered girl who lived in a provincial city, who became a cloistered nun at 15, and who died when she was only 24, without having done anything which seemed of consequence to her associates. Her universal appeal lies in the very fact that her "little way" is not too hard for the average person to follow; it is easy to understand why she seems so close to many struggling souls. She is not known as the Little St. Thérèse only to differentiate her from St. Teresa of Avila, known as the Great. In becoming our saint, she has remained our sister—and in sisterhood is found one of the most

precious of human relationships. But there is one even more precious, that of motherhood. And I shall always be thankful that the next great celebration I attended at St. Peter's was in honor of a woman who had showered maternal devotion on suffering mankind, Mother Cabrini, now canonized as St. Frances Xavier.

The facts of her life are well known: though the United States is proud to claim her as a citizen, and though she is the first of its people to be canonized, she was Italian by origin, birth and, to a great degree, in feeling. She was the youngest of a large family, and from childhood she seemed delicate; but this did not prevent her from becoming a teacher at the age of 18 and, somewhat later, from founding the Order known as the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Her health had proved an impediment to the fulfillment of her soul's sincere desire, that of becoming a nun; but her missionary zeal was unquenched and she dreamed of leading her little band to China.

However, when she appealed to Pope Leo XIII, he answered her with the comment which has become historic, "*Non ad Oriente ma ad Occidente*"—not east but west. She could not visualize, as he did, the sad plight of the Italian immigrants to the United States at that period. But she obeyed him implicitly, and, in 1899, she embarked

with a few of her Sisters for New York, sharing the lot of the poorest and humblest of her fellow passengers. This voyage was the beginning of one of the most remarkable missionary careers of all time.

In New York, she found her compatriots, driven by dire need from their own country, despised and exploited, abandoned and lost. Somehow she raised the money to found an orphanage and establish a free school for Italian children. Then she went on and on, to the West and South of the United States and to other American countries, everywhere founding homes, schools and hospitals. Without help, she cleared untold hardships; without means she raised and distributed millions. The great of the earth who crossed her path called her a general and a diplomat; but to those to whom she ministered she was a compassionate mother, and as Mother Cabrini she is still most lovingly and devoutly known despite the now official name of St. Frances Xavier, just as St. Thérèse is still most lovingly and devoutly known as the little Sister.

THE suggestion that I should attend the ceremony of Mother Cabrini's canonization reached me late in June of '46, in Lisieux, whither the little Sister had drawn me again and again since I first came to know her; and though it was not a last-minute summons in the same sense as the note about the beatifi-



cation, it called for almost as much speed and involved covering a great deal more territory! Hasty investigation revealed that airplanes and trains between Paris and Rome were all completely booked; and the hotel situation in the Eternal City was extremely "tight," partly because so many were still requisitioned by the Allied Forces and partly because of the crowds who had already gone to Rome in anticipation of the ceremony. But the good companion of my travels that summer was Katharine McKiever, of the NCWC News Service, who has never been too much daunted by difficulties; and we had at our disposal the ancient station wagon which I had brought to Europe, the more easily to transport needed commodities to my friends in devastated France. True, gasoline was still strictly rationed, but we told ourselves and each other that we ought to be able to "manage somehow." Without hesitation we packed, leaped into the station wagon, and began our mad dash from Normandy to Rome.

It is probably just as well that we did not know beforehand how many obstacles we would encounter. Roads were still in a deplorable postwar condition, filled with crater-like holes or gouged out for miles on end. Bridges which had been blown up had so far been replaced with nothing more secure than a few teetering planks. Road signs were for the most part non-

existent. When we reached the Italian frontier, we took from the allowance given by France to visiting journalists as much gasoline as we could stow away in cans among our baggage; but by the time we reached Genoa, we had no choice but to resort to the black market; and, further on, it was the American Army of Occupation which came to our rescue, when we were down to our last gallon. The ruined towns through which we passed had little or no accommodation for travelers, and I shall never forget the discomforts of a night we spent in the wreck of a Pisan hotel, once noted for its splendor. However, we went on our way, and entered Rome triumphantly, with actually a day to spare before the canonization.

Recently, I came across a fragmentary account of our approach to this ceremony. Despite its incompleteness, this account bears convincing witness to the fact that, far from being confused on this occasion, I observed it in meticulous detail. Because of this striking contrast in awareness, I think it worth while to quote from this record, written on the scene more than four years ago.

The time is July, 1946. The place is the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome.

"It is still very early in the morning. The streets, which were so noisy and crowded when we left them late last evening, are now ab-

normally quiet and almost empty. A few vendors are trundling carts laden with golden apricots, a few newsboys are nonchalantly delivering copies of *Il Tempo*.

"Here and there we pass detached groups of Religious, who are walking fast: nuns with white frills closing in tight ovals around their rosy pleasant faces and red streamers fluttering from their neat waists; seminarians whose cassocks are as scarlet as their sashes and other seminarians whose black cassocks are brightened by touches of emerald green. They are hurrying in the direction of St. Peter's, too. But there is no one else in sight until we reach the great piazza, framed by its semicircle of pillars.

"Here, a crowd has already begun to assemble, but this crowd is quiet, too. A policeman calls on us to halt, inspects our tickets, waves us on our way again. We pass around the basilica to the left, over a curving cobblestoned drive, and through a succession of small piazzas until we come to the last of these. After that, the drive becomes a mere passageway, and we must walk through that to the arched entrance leading to the long stone corridor which will eventually bring us into the body of the basilica.

"The cobblestones hurt our feet, for we are shod in satin slippers. We had discussed the question of the slippers beforehand, and decided that, with our long black silk dresses and flowing black lace veils,

nothing else would be suitable. But for the moment we are inclined to regret the serviceable shoes left at the hotel.

"Inside, the crowds have made but little impression on the vastness of the basilica; it will swallow thousands more before its mighty nave and noble transept lose their effect of spaciousness. But some of the tribunes are filling fast and, beside the steps leading to one of these, a nun is expostulating violently with a guard. She has a ticket in her hand, admitting her to a reserved section on the floor, but she is determined to mount the steps of this special tribune, where a few great dignitaries are already seated.

"She has on a brown habit and a little black cape and bonnet; normally, she must look almost wren-like—or perhaps she still does, for after all, even a wren must sometimes have ruffled feathers! At all events, she is violently angry and she is at no pains to conceal this. But she is fighting a losing battle. The Swiss Guard has, in its day, withstood far more powerful antagonists than she is and doubtless will do so again. She turns away defeated, and if she were not a nun, we would have said she was cursing under her breath. Well, who knows? Perhaps her confessor may be astonished, when she goes to him next Saturday.

"Aside from this one episode, there are no signs of disorder. The

tribunes are all plainly marked with large placards colored to match the cards that spectators have been given, and the guards, placed at frequent intervals, are there to help and not to hinder, except in such a case as the one I have just mentioned. People are moving quietly in the indicated directions and quietly taking their indicated places. We are triumphant, upon arriving at our own tribune, to find that we are the first comers, that we can have seats on the front bench of our section, directly behind the section reserved for the diplomatic corps. It was well worth rising at five for this privilege. We sit down, disposing our veils over our shoulders, and look around us.

"Behind us is one of the twin organs which flank the choir. As in the case of the other organ, which we face, tiers of seats rise toward it from the mosaic pavement and extend to the right and left of it, in bewildering profusion. The two rows nearest the pavement, upholstered in crimson velvet, are empty. So are the two white and gold thrones, the larger one at the end of the choir, on our right, the smaller one at the extreme left of the seats we are facing. Beside the larger one we can see a tribune where only nuns in the simplest of black habits are being seated, the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Mother Cabrini's own Order. Beyond the smaller one, we can catch a glimpse of the main

altar in the center of the transept. The cold marble columns, reaching up to the vast heights of the gilded ceiling, are draped with warm brocade. The statues of the saints are wreathed with lights."

THERE the record breaks off, abruptly; but not, I feel sure, because I was so dazzled by the brilliance of those lights that I no longer clearly saw; rather because there was so much to behold that I no longer wished to write. And my reminiscent vision of the ceremony remains unblurred. I can still see the ladies of the diplomatic corps gracefully taking their seats in front of us, their filmy mantillas floating away from tall combs and tiny coronets. I can still see the cardinals and archbishops filing into place in those hitherto empty rows of crimson-colored pews and the long sweeping motions they made as they removed and replaced their mitres at various indicated points in the ritual. I can still see the great dignitaries advancing toward the large throne with the traditional offerings of bread and wine, doves and wheat. I can still see the Pope, as, robed in glittering raiment, he took his seat opposite us on the smaller throne and reverently bent his head.

Next to me, by this time, were seated a noble-looking woman of mature years, accompanied by a little girl who was veiled and clothed completely in white. Later, when I

could look away from this moving spectacle and again glance at the lady by my side, I saw that her eyes were full of tears; and then my vision did become blurred, for mine were, too. And I understood that this was a greater ceremony than the one I had seen before: not only because it was more elaborate and more impressive, but because it honored a mother and not a sister and, because when all is said and done, the status of motherhood worthily fulfilled is the greatest one on earth. Francesca Cabrini had been found worthy of canonization because she had been a mother to hundreds upon hundreds of needy and wretched human beings. I believed, as I left St. Peter's that day, that I should not live to see another woman so greatly honored, and with such abundant reason.

**B**UT I was wrong. I was yet to see another woman even more greatly honored, and not because she is the loving and merciful Mother of all mankind—though this is one of her most moving attributes, but because she is also the Mother of God.

For I was again in Rome when His Holiness, Pius XII, performed an action for which there is only one completely parallel precedent in the history of the Church; I was privileged to hear him promulgate the dogma of the Assumption.

Of course this declaration marked a culmination, both in actuality and in symbolism, of the functions

which I associate with St. Peter's; but it also marked a culmination of other impressions and experiences, both intensely personal and greatly varied. Ever since that first long-ago visit to Italy, I have had in my bedroom a photograph of Titian's superb painting, representing the Assumption of the Virgin; and I chose this photograph myself, and paid for it, as I did all the purchases I made at that time, from an allowance of 25c a week. My mother, puzzled by such a choice on the part of a child ten years old, asked me if I was sure I would rather not save my money for something else; and when I said No, she asked me why. My answer still seems to be adequate and convincing. "It is such a hopeful picture," I said. "Everyone is looking or moving upward toward God. And there is a great light."

I have always continued to feel that way about this picture; it is the one to which I have turned oftenest for encouragement and refreshment throughout the years; and perhaps it is because it has meant so much to me from a tender age that the various celebrations of the feast of the Assumption which I have seen, in different parts of the world, have all been associated in my mind with hopefulness and light and a spontaneous approach to God. There is the Palio in Siena, when all the city reverts to medieval magnificence, when races are run in the great square after the horses taking part

in it have been led into the parish churches to be blessed, and the wonderful mosaics in the pavement of the cathedral are all uncovered, and a famous choir comes to sing golden music in the light that comes from the golden altar. There is the service in the tiny chapel—allegedly the smallest in the world—on the River road near Bayou Goula in Louisiana, where the worshippers sit on the banks of the levee, because there is no room for them in the sanctuary. This Assumption-day Mass is the only one offered in the chapel each year, and people come to it from far and wide, in high creaking buggies, in sugar carts, in trucks and busses along the River road, and in all sorts of small boats on the Mississippi itself. They kneel in the grass and sing looking up to the sky. There is the procession of young, white-clad girls at Cuernavacca, winding its way, under the light of a full moon, through a stone courtyard to a little old church, where an image of the Virgin, all shrouded, has been realistically laid to rest in a white, flower-banked coffin, which the girls surround, singing sweet mournful sounds. But the next morning, though the coffin is still there, it is empty except for the shroud, and the image of the Virgin, richly robed, rises triumphant above a lighted shrine.

I could go on for a long time like this; so it is perhaps partly because I have cherished that picture of the

Assumption nearly all my life, and partly because I have seen the feast of the Assumption celebrated in so many different ways, in so many different parts of the world, but always with intensity of faith and devotion, that it seemed to be such a supreme privilege to be in Rome at this time and that I was personally quite unprepared for the protests against the present proclamation which came from certain alien groups and still more unprepared for their tone of surprise and shock. And, after all, my feeling in the matter cannot be wholly personal. The proclamation involved no new truth; it merely gave new status to an old one. The feast of the Assumption has been a holyday of obligation for a long, long time; and the decision to define the dogma of the Assumption was not a sudden one; it had been under consideration for many years, it had been eagerly and insistently petitioned. "In a wonderful and almost unanimous chorus," the Pope declared, speaking to the great consistory of 35 cardinals and more than 500 bishops who had assembled in Rome, "the voices of the pastors and the faithful from every part of the world reached us, professing the same faith and requesting the same thing as supremely desired by all. We judged then that there was no reason for further delay. Nor is it without the will of divine Providence that this happy event comes during Holy Year."

The celebration of this "happy event" began on the eve of the promulgation, when a procession which started at the Altar of Heaven church on Capitoline hill wound its way through the streets of Rome to the piazza of St. Peter's. There, looking down upon the mighty gathering from his study window, the Pope recited for the first time the prayer he had composed in honor of the occasion: "O Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God and Mother of men, we believe with all the fervor of our faith in thy triumphant assumption, in soul and in body, into heaven, where thou art acclaimed Queen by all the choirs of the angels and by all the legions of the saints . . . and we, who invoke thee as our Mother, we take thee, as did John, for guide, strength and consolation in our mortal life."

THROUGH the never-failing courtesy and resourcefulness of an Italian friend, Fausto Bornigia, I was privileged to watch this procession from a window high in the Palazzo Valiani, on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuel, very close to the place where it formed; and, in every respect, it was the most impressive spectacle of the kind which I have ever beheld. From the windows of nearly every building in sight richly colored hangings had been flung; and, on these, the people who filled the windows rested their arms as they leaned out to watch. Below,

the sidewalks were thronged with onlookers: small children in charge of nuns, groups of older schoolgirls, nursing mothers quite unabashed by their complete lack of privacy, family parties, the gilded youth of high society, out in rollicking but not irreverent mood, all sorts and conditions of men. Yet complete order reigned. The Roman police, unfailingly courteous and efficient, had no trouble in keeping these crowds in order; and, once the procession itself was under way, these multitudes seemed dwarfed in size.

It was led by a large contingent of Boy Scouts, and other juvenile groups followed close behind them, among these the Children of Mary in their blue and white. Then came one lay organization after another, some in drab and shabby garments, some in sober but neat attire, others gaily caparisoned: middle-aged men, university students in bright *tricornes*, pilgrims from every province in Italy and numerous foreign countries, all proclaiming their origin on large placards, many carrying lighted candles or revered images or both, many more singing.

On and on they came, to the sound of their own voices and the music of the bands which occasionally intercepted them, until it seemed as if there had been an outpouring from the whole world; and still the procession was hardly under way. The seminarians and secular priests were yet to come, the mendicant monks and barefoot friars, the



missionaries and nursing Brothers, the dignitaries of the Eastern Church in rich robes and towering headdresses, the nuns of countless Orders in a bewildering variety of habits, until those of us who were watching together said to each other, "Surely this must be the beginning of the end!" But still we were mistaken.

Finally, in the distance, we glimpsed a candlelighted stream of scarlet which seemed to flow, in a single, wide even band down the broad street. As it came closer, we saw that it was made up of men, the princes and primates of the Church. At their head walked the Camerlengo, preceding the flower-wreathed picture of the Virgin, painted, according to fond tradition, by St. Luke, which was being borne in triumph from the Church of Ara Coeli, where it forms the altar piece, to the Basilica of St. Peter, where it was to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful during five days. Immediately in its rear came two cardinals, their scarlet robes floating out behind them, and, after these, the archbishops and the bishops, more than 500 strong.

Did I say that this was the most impressive spectacle of the kind that I had ever beheld? Then that was an understatement. To the best of my knowledge and belief, it was the most impressive spectacle of the kind that anyone has ever beheld.

This day so long invoked finally

is ours and yours," the Pope declared, speaking from his throne to the throng in the piazza of St. Peter's the following morning. He had made his supreme declaration: "We pronounce, declare and define to be a dogma revealed by God that the Immaculate Mother of God, Mary, ever Virgin, when the course of her life on earth was finished was taken up body and soul into heaven." And, as he finished speaking, cries and cheers of "*Viva! Viva!*" had risen in a surge of sound from the place where he stood to the Castel San Angelo, which is nearly a mile away. When the mighty flow had changed to a murmuring ebb, he raised his voice again in the first words of the *Te Deum*, and the Sistine choir took up the song of thanksgiving. Then the hundreds and thousands joined with them, and the bells began to ring, the giant bells of St. Peter's and the bells of all the churches in Rome. And now the sound seemed not only to surge through the city, but to reach the very vault of heaven.

This was how it still seemed as the Pontiff, borne aloft on his portable throne, left the piazza for the basilica. On this occasion, my seat was directly in front of the high altar; so I could watch the stately progress of the great cortege as it advanced toward this luminous sanctuary, while the shouts of "*Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!*" still echoed on every side, from the rais-

ed tribunes where the high officials were seated, from the benches set aside for lesser personages, from the great sections of nave and transept where thousands were standing. The Pope, wearing a white cope embroidered in gold, which fell in rich folds around his slender form, sat erect on his throne, his right arm raised, his outstretched fingers moving in blessing. Above him floated a silken canopy; around him marched his guards; on either side towered the feathered *flabella*.\* Then came the cardinals in their scarlet robes, the Eastern patriarchs with their jewel-studded mitres, the archbishops and the bishops. And, high above them all, from the lofty pillar where it had been placed, St. Luke's portrait of the Virgin, flower framed and candlelighted, looked benignly down.

It was early morning when the proclamation ceremonies began, high noon before the Mass was over. But the celebration had not ended, even then. The Pope, who had expressed joy at the "splendid light" of Holy Year, had asked that,

\*The *flabella* are shaped like fans, but are attached to long poles which hold them aloft.

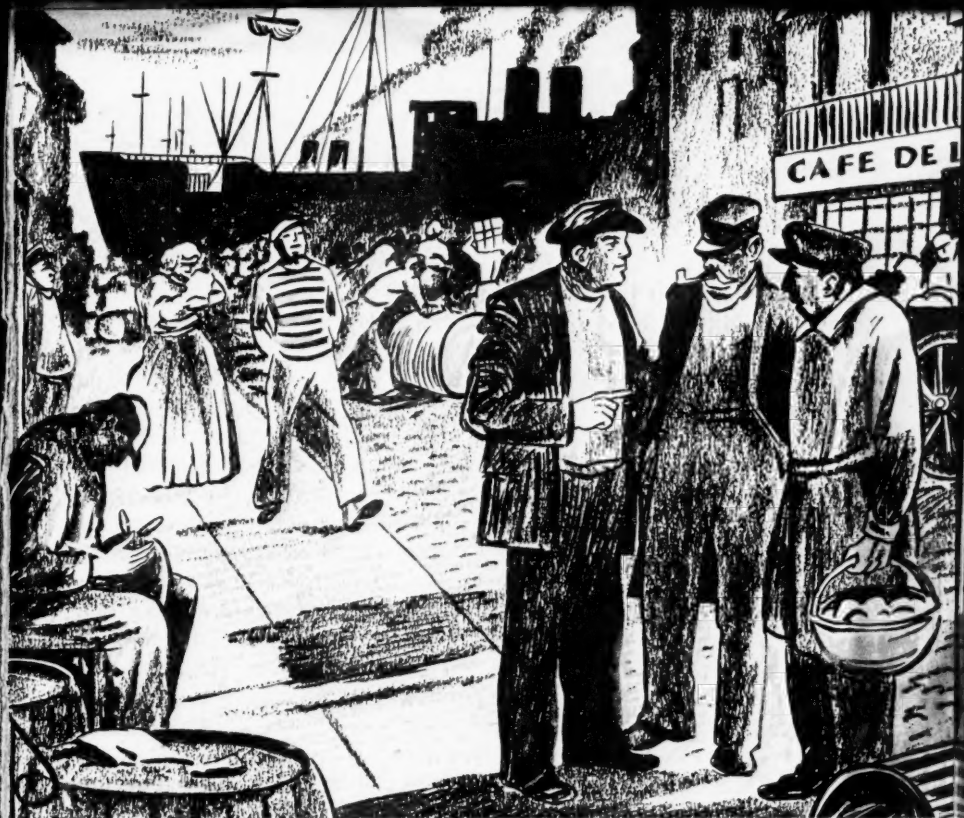
on this night of nights, the "splendid light" should be made manifest in an outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace; and all Rome had responded to his request. The façade of every church was magnificently illumined and every ancient monument, every public building, every sparkling fountain was bathed in light. Colored lanterns hung at the street corners; lamps hanging from private houses gleamed behind paper shades; little shrines were all aglow. The Colosseum was encircled with glittering bands, the Forum was flooded with luminosity. The Castel San Angelo was not only wreathed in light: one entire side of it was dominated by lights in the form of a cross. Torches flickered and flamed above the vast colonnade in St. Peter's square, and the square itself was a great area of splendor. Radiance in Rome had become an immense glory, honoring the Mother of God.

Or was it her glory, shining from the sky, that made the Eternal City into a city of light to brighten our darkness and show us the way of truth?

### *To Be Holy Be Happy*

**T**HE chronic sourpuss has little chance of getting on the Church's roster of saints. According to Donald Attwater, "one of the four necessities for canonization enumerated by Benedict XIV is that the candidate should have displayed an expansive joy in his life and influence, however melancholy his natural temperament may have been."

Thomas A. Lahey in the *Ave Maria* (13 Aug. '49).



# My Life in Marseilles

By JACQUES LOEW, O.P.

Condensed from a book\*

**P**ERE LOEW is a Dominican. He conducts his proletarian mission as a parish priest, and he is a trained sociologist. Today he has a community of four priests: two Dominicans, a Jesuit, and a secular, living together; two going out to work to support all four, living as their parishioners live. Pere Loew is no wild-eyed idealist, but the coolest realist who ever sacrificed himself totally for an ideal. This is his story of how he began.

\*Mission to the Poorest. Copyright, 1950, and reproduced with permission of Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York City. 184 pp. \$3.

# My Life in Marseilles

By JACQUES LOEW, O.P.

**I** STROLL around Marseilles: how can I get to know this town? How can I find some way of entering into its life? It is impossible to make anything of it from the outside. Its poverty looms up so stark, so massive, that one cannot see past it. Even the population is in doubt; "a million or two," says an official handbook, content to guess to the nearest million.

The thing to do is to buy some secondhand overalls, get a job like everyone else, and then, at the end of the day's work, go off and live with the very dregs of the population, the dockers in the ports.

I announce to my fellow Dominicans that I want to work on the wharves. I am told, "You're taking on the impossible. Dockers are the toughest section of any community, and the Marseilles dockers are the most evil and terrible in the world."

And it is quite true that when you have donned a pair of patched dungarees, filthy with coal, you are thrust into the very heart of the proletariat. Get into a tram and people will back away from you a little, covered as you are with coal dust and grime, and, for all they know, lice.

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At work, though, the fraternity of the working classes comes into full play. I get a huge foreman to take me on, even though I look pretty awkward to him. He needs men to unload 100-pound sacks of semolina. As I watch the sacks leaving the side of the ship, I feel a bit uneasy. I tell the man next to me, "You know, I've never done this job before." I go up to the platform, about the height of my head; someone rolls a sack onto my shoulders. I almost fold up like a concertina. Then I set off, first right, then left; finally, at the second turn, the sack slides over my head and onto the ground.

The dockers are dogged by insecurity; competition for jobs is fierce. But they think only of the poor bloke who doesn't know how to go about the job. Four men promptly pick up the sack and toss it onto the shoulders of a fifth, who carries on in my place.

They shower me with questions. "Are you sick?" "What went wrong?" They give me useful tips on working methods. But the foreman fires me; nor am I sorry. Four more hours of work like that would finish me.

My companions of a half-hour

suggest I try coal-docking. "It isn't too heavy, quite slight chaps can do it. Dirty, of course. At the end of it, no one would guess you were a human being at all."

Each working day on the wharves opens my eyes a little more to the inhuman labor-contract policy. Men are signed up for only four hours at a time. They never know in the morning if they will have a job in the afternoon. At the end of 30 years, they are no more at home in the port than on the day of their arrival. They are keenly conscious of being regarded as mere tools. The first battle to be won for the working class is the battle for the right to work.

I obtain permission from my superiors to live 24 hours a day with the most derelict classes in Marseilles. I put my Dominican habit back on and set out to install myself in the midst of the poor workers, rag-and-bone dealers, and gypsies.

But it is harder to gain admittance to the intimate life of these people than it is to get work. For many weeks I look for a place. I don't ask much, but even to find a few square yards under a roof isn't easy. One day a good woman explains, "I don't like the idea of someone setting fire to the place because there's a priest inside."

At last I find a lodging, and I bring a bucket of lime to white-wash the room. Local opinion on me is rather divided. A tiny mi-

nority of old women who still keep a rosary in the bottom of their purses are pleased. "A priest here, eh? Well, after all, it isn't right that only the rich should have them!"

The great majority are dumb-founded, as if a man from the moon had settled in their midst. And finally, another minority, saying, "Huh! Someone will land him a good kick in the pants—that'll teach him to come here!"

As a matter of fact, the kick never came, and two weeks after my arrival I'm on friendly terms with all the men in the alley. Very soon real ties of affection are set up with my more immediate neighbors.

When hatred is not nourished by personal motives, it fades. When a neighbor wants to meet me for the first time, he doesn't come when I am sitting at home. Although he only has to push the door, he chooses instead the moment when I am walking back from the well. When a housewife says to me, "Ha! I saw you at the baker's this morning," I am truly part and parcel of the district. I am no longer a mysterious priest. I have become really one of themselves, someone whose comings and goings they can mark.

But at the end of six weeks I fall ill, and have to leave the district. A neighbor comments, "This priest is like the rest—living with us is too tough for him." But when I return after eight weeks and set-

tle in again, they realize that I am there for good. Even men I do not know greet me cordially; complete strangers hail me. I am accepted.

IN August and September, 1943, the Germans order evacuation of the district. This is catastrophe indeed, just as if someone had kicked over a giant anthill. I set out to establish myself in another district. This time, finding a room is much easier than before. In the tram I run into a woman who keeps a sweetshop. I don't actually know her, but she had often noticed me (thanks to my habit), and her face is vaguely familiar.

"Well, Father, and what are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for lodgings."

"Come home with me. There's an empty room in one of the courtyards. Maybe the landlord will let it to you. Let's go now. It's nine o'clock, so he's still in bed. He sleeps late."

I hear the conversation. Madame Sidonie: "He's a priest, mind you, Said" (the landlord is an Arab), "a white priest, but a priest just the same."

The religious aspect doesn't bother Said much. "You think he'll pay the rent?"

"Oh, yes, he'll pay it all right."

"Oh, well, then, show him up."

I am admitted to a bedside audience with my future landlord. "You have to pay in advance, you know."

The room is fetid. Veterans soon

learn to detect by sense of smell the rooms whose walls house bedbugs and cockroaches, and to tell them "at a sniff" from those which merely ooze dirt.

I install myself gradually. My nearest neighbor is a working-class prostitute. She would like nothing better than to settle down in life, but her bad housekeeping rapidly discourages one "husband" after another.

Opposite is the family with whom I shall live intimately for two years. They have one room, which, as usual, does duty for a whole house. The family consists of a grandfather, a grandmother, and a little girl of 12.

Everything that it has been possible to accumulate in the course of 70 years in the way of old tools, rickety furniture, coats of dirt, old photo frames, fly specks, is all heaped up there. If you need something, you have to get it out of one of the boxes piled under the bed, but to move the bed you must first get the table out of the way. Saucepans and food go on the floor, because there's nowhere else to put them.

Good morning, good evening: our relations scarcely go beyond that. One day about noon, Madame Antoine, having just made a fine fish-noodle soup, sends me in a plate with her grandchild. Some weeks later, I become her boarder.

It is only little by little that the deep personal life of the Antoine



family is revealed somewhat to me.

Madame Antoine expresses herself in homely axioms. "Bread on the table knows no owner," says she to a supper guest who, in times of severe rationing, hesitates to take another piece. If the talk turns on the grave problems of world politics, she says, "Men are all equal. When one of them is wounded, whether he is French, German, Russian or American, whether he's black or white, isn't his blood always red?"

She came to Marseilles at the age of 17; her life has passed in the same neighborhood. From all the people she has mixed with, from all the events she has lived through, she has drawn up a philosophy. It can be summed up in two sentences: "Have nothing to do with the police" and "No good ever comes of a woman who drinks."

At the end of six months I am thoroughly familiar with the customs of the Antoines, their little fads, their joys and complaints. And by that time, they had come to remind me very much of another family I also know from the inside. I see beyond the dirt and disorder. Madame Antoine and her husband are amazingly like my own father and mother, whom I see again in imagination in their comfortable, beautifully kept flat.

Besides, Madame Antoine has adopted me as a son; she worries when she sees me looking tired, and prepares special snail broths to

revive me. When neighbors or others come to see me, they find me *en famille*, and I receive them indifferently in my room or that of the Antoines.

I often leave the district at six in the morning and return late in the evening, since I am still busy-ing myself in the town on economic and social questions. But the fact that I sleep there makes my position enormously different. If I spent the day working in the district but disappeared every evening to go and sleep at the monastery I would not be part of the district. We really do share the same life because we suffer the same difficulties, the same troubles, and drink the same wine, often from the same glass. And this is how the real social and religious problems are to be met, not in complicated theoretical abstractions but in simple questions.

FRANÇOIS is another neighbor; he is tall, too tall, his arms are too long, his legs never seem to come to an end. He is a rag-and-bone dealer, and shares a room with Marguerite, the rag-and-bone woman; she is a great deal older than he is.

A rich friendship exists between François and myself. After many months, he tells me that he has possessed neither ration cards nor an identity card for a very long time. "It isn't as awkward as you'd think, except that sugar and coffee are a bit hard to get." And he asks me

if I could possibly get hold of these papers for him. Why, yes, he has been several times to the commissioner of police, but he has always been chased away and he dares not worry them again.

The next day, I in my turn go to the commissariat. I am shown the list of formalities to be met, enough to keep one busy for three months. Then I go to the *Service Central de la Statistique Municipale et du Ravitaillement*. I go from one counter to another, and end up at No. 8, where I join the queue.

The assistant is in an extremely bad temper, and one housewife after another goes away crestfallen because she lacks a birth certificate or some stamp or other on one of her forms. I say to myself, "I'm done for; not a hope; I'll never manage to get anything whatsoever!"

But even bad temper cannot last long in Marseilles. I have the good luck to strike a change of mood, and explain my business to one Mademoiselle Viviane. She questions me. "But how does he live without ration cards?"

"He not only lives but he manages to feed a dog and a canary as well." This wins Mademoiselle Viviane, and she hands me a collection of forms. Two hours later I have all the cards.

That evening I have a hasty supper and, overjoyed, go off to see François. We hug each other. "Ah,

Father, we can't let this pass without a drink." Marguerite rinses out the glasses, but doesn't dry them, pointing out that the bountiful stock of rags on the premises are a bit unsuitable for household use.

We clink glasses to the prospect of the good things that the ration cards will provide. But François has a strong social sense. So long as we haven't eaten salt together there is no true friendship; wine itself doesn't suffice. François invites me to supper. "Father, we must eat together."

"I'd love to, but tomorrow evening; I've already had supper."

"No, tonight, tomorrow won't be the same thing; what we're celebrating will be already past. It's this evening we must eat together."

I refuse; he insists. Plainly he is looking for the clinching argument. "Look, Father, you needn't worry, there's nothing in the soup today except what I found in garbage cans, so make yourself at home."

The argument makes retort impossible: there remains nothing for it but to sit down to table. The first spoonful goes down with difficulty, after that it is plain sailing; the soup isn't too bad with a good dose of red pepper. Scraps of slightly rancid bacon swim on the surface. François is heartbroken because he wasn't able to find any of the little dead rabbits that he often puts into the stockpot. Such is our first close contact with each other.

One evening in spring, François

comes along: "Listen, Father, I'd like to make my first Communion." He is 32. Every night for four months François comes when things have quieted down and most of my visitors have gone home to bed.

Together we read all the Gospels without skipping a word, including St. John. He grasps it magnificently. He and his companion make real efforts. The great obstacle is the bottle.

MARGUERITE likewise comes one Monday: "Father, I'd like to receive Communion on Sunday, and so I want to go to confession, but not till Saturday. I think it's better to leave it until the day before."

We chat for a bit. "All the same, you know, it's a pity you drink too much!"

"Listen, Father, I promise I won't get drunk all this week."

That is plain heroism, and she keeps her word. I meet her each evening. "You see, you see, I'm keeping my promise." It is true that sometimes she says it with an agitation which leaves me a little skeptical.

On Sunday, Marguerite goes to Communion. She had communicated occasionally before: in hospital, in prison, but never really of her own free will, always under the influence of some nun who had more or less pushed her. Her joy knew no bounds on this Sunday morning. She kept repeating, "You

know, Father, this time I went to Communion because I really wanted to, and it's the first time I ever have."

Meanwhile, François is getting ready. We always read the Gospels, then we pray in dialogue, each offering up all his intentions; finally, we embrace and part.

Aug. 15 draws near; this is the day when François is to make his first Communion. His neighbors and close friends in the yard know all about it. Each day François grows in Christian stature.

Suddenly, catastrophe. We are in the days preceding the Allied landing in Provence. Food supplies in Marseilles grow worse and worse; lacking bread, lacking vegetables, the authorities have found no better solution than to replace the missing rations with extra quotas of wine. It is easy to imagine the effect produced on a hungry populace. How could François have stood out against it? And when he has drunk the quart ration, he simply has to add another quart from the black market.

Aug. 9 he creates an appalling scandal in the yard: he shouts, howls, fights. His goods are removed at midnight. The picture is complete.

The following evening, we meet again for prayer. "Father, I guess you heard." I had. We ask ourselves what should be done.

"Listen, François, it is impossible to found a Christian community

like that; it can't be done. To be sure, God forgives you straight-away if you ask Him, but what are the people in the yard going to say, the people who look to you as a Christian?"

"That's true; they'll say, 'So that's a Christian for you!'"

"You can't possibly make your Communion in five days' time."

François is repentant from the bottom of his heart, weeps, pressing his head against the crucifix. "Ah, well, I suppose it would be better to put it off a few weeks."

We decide that his Communion will take place Sept. 8, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

THE Allied troops approach. There is general pillage throughout the whole district of the big shops and warehouses. Everyone does it, and it is just as well, for otherwise we should have starved to death in the days that followed.

The Germans fire on the crowd. François is too big, he towers over the others by a head. Wounded and taken to the hospital, he dies a few days before his first Communion. But surely it is in heaven itself that he will receive Christ in Communion, this poor, wretched, outcast child, assuming the splendid title of the son of God, receiving his heritage.

For nearly two years I share, to the best of my ability, the lot of my neighbors. But I am too often forced to absent myself. At each

absence, even if it is only for three days or a week, I feel on my return that the fraternal bond has slackened. Even if it only takes ten minutes, we have to make each other's acquaintance again. On my side, through a cowardice of which I am ashamed, each time I find returning to the district difficult. How much simpler it is to live in one's monastic cell! In any case, it is not material difficulties that I fear. I know very well that I shall have scarcely reached the bottom of the street when the children will throw themselves into my arms, the women and men show their joy at my return. My apprehensions will vanish. But what is most painful, especially when one lives alone, is to feel oneself torn by the confidences and sorrows of all. When you are living a life where there are no defenses up between you and your fellow beings, each one comes to claim, as it were, a little bit of your heart.

For some time now, I have had a companion, a brother in Religion who quickly identified himself with the life of the courtyard. What comfort it is to be no longer alone! Even the weight of sorrow seems eased a little, and just to be able to chat for three minutes before going to bed changes the atmosphere.

My companion goes to work on the docks; he is to be seen alternately in white habit and working overalls. This causes no surprise. A

neighbor explains to the others, "You see, the little Father (thus they distinguish him from me) has finished his studies, and now he wants to go to work so he can understand the troubles of the poor."

He has obtained permission from the bishop to celebrate Mass at night. I had already celebrated Mass on several occasions in my room. When we foresaw too big a crowd, we put the bed and stove out in the yard, and on the table where we usually had supper the celebration of the Lord's Supper took place. At the Elevation, the Host almost touched the ceiling, but how It shone into the hearts of all those there! Whether they willed it or not, they all felt near to the Lord Jesus of the Gospel.

In the evening, after supper, between visits from the neighbors, there is catechism and prayer, prayer which gathers up all the trifling events of the day, the joys and troubles of this district of workers.

Each expresses his soul in his own way, for everyone takes part. They all know that one doesn't come in order to please the priest or in the hope of getting some favors of the kind that take place between neighbors; I have often lent money. But no one has ever come to me with a tall story in an attempt to take me in or wheedle money out of me.

Marinette is the first little neighbor with whom I entered into con-

versation in the very first days of my settling here. Successive evacuations have left us still neighbors. She is one of those who come to prayer. One evening, she doesn't step over the threshold but remains outside.

"You're not coming in?"

"No, Father, I've had a row with Juliette and I don't want to forgive her. So I can't say 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

Three days later, the two come to pray together.

ONE day, I was down in a hold with a number of other dockers, all of us stripped to the waist unloading oil cake. At 7:30 P.M., there was a half-hour break for a snack. We rejoined the others on deck, and about 15 of us squatted in a circle. Conversation was lively. No one but the foreman knew I was a priest. Someone started on "the swinish exploiters of the people," and Whiskers, the anarchist from a neighboring parish, intervened with "I know one—a real swine of a fellow he is, too, the priest at X." He took off his cap and passed it round in a mock collection, amidst approving laughter.

"The one at Estaque isn't so bad—anyway, he's not too stuck up to have a drink at the *bistrot*."

I cut into the hubbub: "Hi, Whiskers! What about the priest at la Cabucelle, do you know him?"

"No!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"Well—I'm the priest at la Cabucelle!" There was a stunned silence, and they gathered around me. The first to speak was the communist trade-union delegate.

"You couldn't be. You're kidding!"

"No. Ask the foreman, he knows me well."

"Then you have been chucked out of the Church!"

"No, nothing like that," and I explained how we wanted to earn our living as workers and share some of the sufferings of the poor, just as Christ did. This was greeted with approval and many seemed to be thinking hard. The communist delegate was still reluctant to admit defeat: "What about Delay\*? Are

\*Monseigneur Delay, Archbishop of Marseilles.

you sure that he agrees to all this?"

"Certainly he does! Otherwise we shouldn't be here."

After that, the victory was complete, and someone exclaimed, "Well, if Delay turns up one day to work the winch, I'll be his relief!"

A life lived in the midst of the most insignificant, the poorest, the humblest, the most abandoned, the most sinful, is a testimony to the plain teaching of the Gospel. When I am waiting for a tram and a strange worker gives me a hostile stare—good Lord, a priest!—he is quite put out when he sees that the people who come up and chat to me cheerfully, like old friends, are the most proletarian of the lot, and that in this case it's he, the one who eyes me askance, who is the bourgeois.

### *What He Thought He Thought*

**I**N South Korea, a crowd was looking at the smoking ruins of a factory which had been blown up by the communists. One man exclaimed, "All that is one man's fault."

Immediately a communist policeman arrested him, and dragged him to the nearest police station, where he insisted repeatedly that the man to blame was President Truman. The culprit was finally freed, since there was no precedent in a case like this. Before leaving, however, he asked permission to speak to the policeman who had arrested him.

His request granted, he turned to the man and asked, "Tell me, friend, whom did *you* think I was referring to?"

*Sintesis in Quote* (28 Oct. '50).



## *Books of Current Interest*

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Asbury, Herbert. *THE GREAT ILLUSION*. New York: Doubleday. 344 pp. \$4. The story of prohibition is still an antidote to W. C. T. Utopianism.

Boardman, Anne Cawley. *SUCH LOVE IS SELDOM*. New York: Harper. 236 pp. \$3. The foundress of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor gets the honest and restrained tribute she deserves.

Chesterton, G. K. *THE COMMON MAN*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 279 pp. \$3. Forty-four fine essays not previously in book form.

Daly, Maureen. *THE PERFECT HOSTESS*. New York: Dodd, Mead. 306 pp. \$3. Author of *SEVENTEENTH SUMMER* writes light-hearted hints on how to make guests want to come more often.

Garrigou-Lagrange, Reginald. *REALITY: a Synthesis of Thomistic Thought*. St. Louis: Herder. 419 pp. \$6. Rounded, satisfying guide to St. Thomas' main philosophy and theology.

Heyerdahl, Thor. *KON-TIKI; Across the Pacific by Raft*. Chicago: Rand McNally. 304 pp., illus. \$4. Six men drift from Peru to Polynesia. The adventure story of the year.

Loew, Jacques. *MISSION TO THE POOREST*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 184 pp. \$3.

A French priest-dockhand in Marseilles tells the poignant story of a new apostolate.

Maynard, Theodore. *THE ODYSSEY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 364 pp. \$3. The adventures of the Apostle of the Indies, whose work is still very much alive, though he himself died 400 years ago.

O'Brien, John A. *THE ART OF COURAGEOUS LIVING*. New York: McMullen Books. 266 pp. \$2.50. A positive program, with examples, for facing personal difficulties on every level.

Pascal, Blaise. *PASCAL'S PENSEES*. Bilingual edition. Translated by H. F. Stewart, D.D. New York: Pantheon Books. 539 pp. \$5. The amazing intuitions of one of the greatest thinkers—in a new translation.

Pichon, Charles. *THE VATICAN AND ITS ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS*. New York: Dutton. 382 pp. \$4.50. Best answer to the calumnies made by Paul Blanshard, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, et al., about the "power" of the Church. Translated from the French by Jean Misrahi. Catholic Book club selection.

Waugh, Evelyn. *HELENA; a Novel*. Boston: Little, Brown. 247 pp. \$2.75. Fourth-century contemporaries of the mother of Constantine appear astonishingly modern in this witty novel.

January selections of the Catholic Children's Book Club, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul 1, Minn.

[Subscribers to this Club may purchase at special discounts.]

Picture Book Age—6 to 9. *RIP AND ROYAL*, Sally Scott (Harcourt, \$1.75)

Intermediate—9 to 12. *THE NATURE DICTIONARY*, John H. Melady (World, \$2)

Boys—12 to 16. *MOUNTAIN PONY AND THE ELKHORN MYSTERY*, Henry V. Larom (Whittlesey, \$2.50)

Girls—12 to 16. *CROSSWIND CANYON*, Margaret Ann Hubbard (Macmillan, \$2.50)

*The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*

by St. Gregory of Nazianzus, 325-390. This scene is depicted in the  
fresco of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a colored fresco by Giotto.



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of Chicago